

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CHICKENS ON AN AMERICAN FARM

See
Page
Two

SANTA CLAUS PASSES BY STORY OF HIS BIG LETTER BAG

A Post Office of His Own and
How He Used It

THE POOR RICH MAN

Santa Claus has passed by, leaving his mantle behind.

For 28 years he wore it invisibly about his shoulders at a small post office near the place of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood in Indiana. There they knew him as James Martin, the village postmaster who kept the store and sold anything from umbrellas to axes.

But throughout America and beyond there are half a million children who never saw the old man yet believed in him as Santa Claus. He answered their Christmas letters.

Before he was born the name of his backwoods hamlet was changed from Santa Fé to Santa Claus, and perhaps that gave him the idea. He sent out letters stamped with the post-mark Santa Claus, and that gave other people the idea also.

Magic Words

When children asked their parents if there really was a Santa Claus their mother or father would write to Mr Martin asking him to send a letter back with the magic words Santa Claus on it.

Who could doubt them? No well-brought-up child. So, year by year, the letters to Santa Claus increased.

Only 75 people live in the village, but at Christmas-time letters arrived by tens of thousands, with all manner of addresses to which Mr Martin was to send a letter back *with Santa Claus stamped on it*.

Mr Martin had no reindeer sledge, no magic sack from which to bring out gifts for them, but he could not bear to see children disappointed, and if they asked for a letter he would answer it. For gifts he appealed to kindly people and institutions who might afford them, and he acted as their Christmas almoner.

An Unrewarded Benefactor

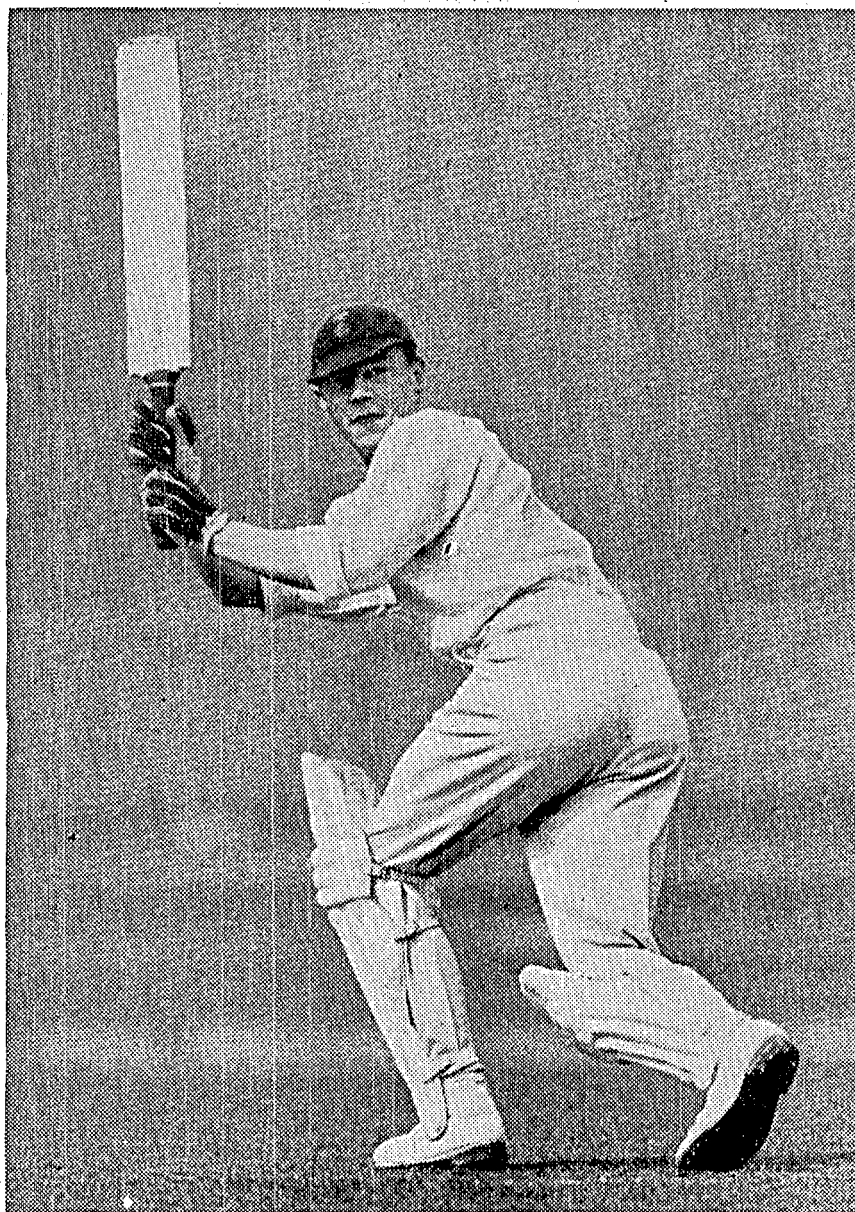
Three years ago some Government Department without a soul suggested that the Santa Claus post office should be shut up to save expense.

Martin's fight against this cruel economy was backed up by hundreds of persons, and he was allowed to carry on till he died. One of the astonishing things about this unrewarded benefactor was that for some years, poor though he was, he spent £50 out of his own pocket to pay for clerks to re-address the letters, which had passed the half-million mark.

Of such a man we hardly like to say he has passed on, so fragrant a memory, so powerful a legend, has he left behind. We will rather say that Santa Claus has passed by.

See World Map

A Boundary



A fine action-picture of E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey captain, making a leg hit

MR BALDWIN AGAIN

WE have our changes of Government, but we may all be thankful that they come to us with less disturbance than in some other lands.

It has been one of the remarkable sights of the world, we may be sure, for other countries to look at ours and see the steadiness of government here, to see the continuance of our accepted National Government through all these years of strain, and a steady but unmistakable turning of the tide back toward prosperity.

Dictators come to other lands and liberty rocks and reels, but here our democratic Constitution and our democratic Monarchy stand like a rock in the storm, a sure and certain witness to the world that for those who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake the days of Napoleons are over.

The changes by which Mr Stanley Baldwin assumes his old place of leadership in our Government will not

affect the policy of this country in world affairs. Whatever changes have been made or will be made, the country is assured that many points of view will have due representation in the Cabinet and that the policy of the Government will be conducted on national rather than on party lines.

The influence of Mr Ramsay MacDonald is not to be lost by any means. His services to the nation in the troubled days when he made the National Government possible will not soon be forgotten, and his immense knowledge of foreign affairs and of our great Dominions is one of the assets of the nation in these difficult times.

Mr MacDonald's Premiership has been unique in many ways, and in Mr Baldwin the nation has another leader unique in his own way. Always he is the plain man's Prime Minister, the man who understands us and speaks for us to the world with no uncertain voice.

KING OF AN ISLAND

MARRIANA'S LOST CAPE

Who Will Pay Him For His
Little Bit of Land?

HERE BEFORE CAPTAIN COOK

Marriana, King of Bathurst Island, is standing on his rights.

His island, north of Australia, an outpost of Van Diemen's Gulf, seldom appeared in the news till the aeroplanes flying between Singapore and Port Darwin began to skirt it. Marriana and his natives looked at them from their forests and mountains with wonder and turned to their herds again.

Then came a day when engineers and a host of workmen arrived at Cape Fourcroy, on the south-west corner of the island, and set about chipping huge pieces out of Marriana's territory. They were levelling the Cape so as to shorten the route over the Timor Sea and make a safe emergency landing-ground for the planes.

Marriana was deeply interested. He saw new importance conferred on his island and its population of about a thousand Blackfellows. He watched the levelling and the installation of the petrol and water-tanks closely.

Still Hopeful

But a new idea then entered his simple head. After all it was his territory that was being chipped. Somebody ought to pay him for the lost land. Why not the Commonwealth Government, which was finding Bathurst Island so useful?

First he sought advice from Father Sell, in charge of the mission on the island. The priest told him that his own mission land was only a loan, and that he thought there was small prospect of reparation.

Then, when a plane from the mainland brought provisions for the excavators, Marriana asked the pilot if he had brought the money. Another disappointment, for the pilot had not; but Marriana is still hopeful. He does not mind how he is paid. Flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, calico, would be gladly accepted. Surely the great Commonwealth of Australia will not refuse tribute to a native king?

We fear they may. Cape Fourcroy, being in the path of progress, must make way, and so must a king, though he is a relic of the Stone Age. But we cannot quite forget that Marriana's forefathers were Kings of Bathurst before Van Diemen or Captain Cook came passing by.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL

The wonderful 11th-century cathedral of Saint Sophia at Kiev is to be restored by the Ukraine Government.

The church, which has 15 domes and contains some of the finest of mosaics and wall paintings, was the first stronghold of Christianity in Europe.

CHAMBER OF NOISE HORRORS

SOUTH KENSINGTON IN SEARCH OF SILENCE

A League of Dreamers of a Quieter World

THE WAYS TO IT

It is more than time that we had a crusade against Noise, and we are delighted to see the Noise Abatement Exhibition in the Science Museum at South Kensington.

In it is a map of London showing what Londoners have to stand and where they stand it most.

A big red pin on the map shows where the noise is at its worst, and Fleet Street is one of the prize-winners. Charing Cross and the Elephant and Castle win dishonourable mention. A small red pin marks where there is more noise than is necessary, and Blackfriars is one of the places earning it. The CN office, in a backwater by Blackfriars, escapes notice although, as we can certify, it does not escape noise.

An Amusing Diagram

Lord Horder, Chairman of the Anti-Noise League, says the object of the exhibition is to make people say, "I don't see why I should stand it." The exhibits, gathered together by the Ministry of Health, the National Physical Laboratory, the Office of Works, and other bodies, show some of the ways in which the public might get out of the noise. There is, for example, the silencer fitted to that modern curse, the pneumatic drill. Silencers of other kinds are fitted to motor exhausts, vacuum cleaners, circular saws, and even typewriters. The extent to which these reduce the nuisance is illustrated by practical demonstrations.

An amusing illustrated diagram shows the effect of sounds on human ears and tempers. At the bottom of the scale is the purring of a cat, or a child whispering to its mother in a garden. Higher up are piano practice or the sergeant-major shouting instructions four feet away, and higher still is the express train roaring past or the aeroplane gathering speed when it leaves the aerodrome. At the very top, surpassing the thunderstorm or the lion's roar, is the firing of a big gun.

A Quieter Future?

There is a model drawn to scale of Broadcasting House, that home of silence from which sounds spread everywhere. There are models on a much larger scale of a hospital ward, a school classroom, an office, and a small house, all designed for sound-proofing, sound absorption, and control.

Beside the models there are actual materials employed to deaden noise, such as asbestos and cork linings, and the pneumatic wheel for railway carriages.

From all of these we are led to hope for a quieter future, though the future may be distant, for the Age of Speed has been accompanied by louder and louder noises at every revolution. The exhibition, by showing what is suffered in health as well as comfort, should awaken people to ask for a more peaceful world and should stir inventors to find ways of providing it.

A JUBILEE SOUVENIR

The Silver Jubilee celebrations will live for long in the memory of most of us, and the CN draws the attention of readers to a novel souvenir of the occasion.

A series of beautiful stereoscopic pictures of the scenes in London during those Jubilee days has been prepared and is offered to readers on special terms. The pictures may be purchased with or without the viewing apparatus. Please turn to page 12 for a fuller announcement.

Colossus of USA

MR ROOSEVELT AND THE CONSTITUTION

Why His Great House of Codes Comes Crumbling Down

LIVING IN GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WORLD

WHAT did Mr Gladstone say in 1878? For some mysterious reason thousands of people ask this.

The answer is that Mr Gladstone said many things, but the thing we are thinking of now is one of the unwise things that wise men ever said. He said that the American Constitution was the greatest thing that has ever been struck off at one time by any single man.

The truth is that the American Constitution has become a laughing-stock and a mockery, and it is due entirely to its unfitness for the modern world that America is at this moment in a state of upheaval almost beyond imagination.

The Supreme Power

What has happened could hardly have occurred in any other civilised State, and it arises from the fact that America has a cast-iron Constitution and that everything done must be made to conform to it. The legal interpretation of the Constitution is supreme.

The other day a poultry firm was heavily fined for not observing the Poultry Code laid down by President Roosevelt in his new deal, and the case of the chickens came up before the Supreme Court, whose nine judges decided, to the amazement of the world, that the Poultry Code and the other codes Mr Roosevelt has made are illegal. Uncle Sam's chickens have indeed come home to roost.

Out of the trouble with this American poultry firm has come the greatest catastrophe which could befall a nation at peace, the discovery that its chief public works for two years have been illegal. It has been decided by the Supreme Court, not only that Congress had no right to delegate its powers of legislation to the President, but that Congress itself has no power to legislate for industry within the 48 States.

President Roosevelt was nearly defeated by the American Constitution over gold; he has now been actually defeated by the decision that Congress had no right to empower the President to make the codes.

So the President's New Deal came clattering down, with all its Codes of Good Conduct for American industries, the chief points of which are:

*No Child Labour under 16
Fair Wages
Shorter Hours
Decent Competition*

Whatever the future may hold in store for the President and his people, he will take his place in the history of his time as the man who, when the United States was on the brink of despair, stilled the tumult by his uplifted hand and dared to do this great thing.

A Dominant Personality

It could have been done only by the force of an overpowering personality. Franklin Roosevelt had no triumphant career as politician or statesman behind him to sustain his claim to sovereign power. He was no robust orator. On the contrary, he was handicapped by a physical constitution which made him in the prime of life a cripple. Nevertheless there was that in him which averted calamity and awakened hope. It was the guarded flame of a genius which was one with all that is best in the American character.

It was first and foremost a passionate sincerity. Without any affectation of loud-voiced patriotism, he believed in

the core of his heart that an America which had so many claims to call itself great was capable of great sacrifices.

In the building of America they have never been shirked. They had nothing to fear but fear, the President told them; but if he bade them quit themselves like men it was in no spirit of foolish optimism. Values had sunk to fantastic levels; factories were without orders; taxes had risen; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lay on every side. Farmers could find no market for their produce and the savings of many years of thousands of families had gone. More important, a host of unemployed faced the grim problem of existence and an equally great number toiled with little return.

The Autocrat of America

Mr Roosevelt put his finger on the evil from which these calamities had sprung, and declared that national recovery must begin at home. The task was more than enough for any man, however able or determined. But if Mr Roosevelt perceived the stupendous difficulty or foresaw a possible failure he gave no sign. He proceeded with his plans on a scale never known before. It is the measure of his determination that the American people gave their unstinted support to him, and gave him a power no other president had ever known. He was the Autocrat of America.

The National Industry Recovery Act, passed by Congress two years ago, embraced the regulation of wages all over the United States, organised industry in cooperative groups, made provision for fair competition, placed a bar on what was unfair, and finally, almost as a postscript to this tremendous programme, set aside a greater sum (hundreds of millions) than any other nation would have dreamed of for relieving unemployment by vast public works.

Vast as they were, they were insignificant as a conception when compared with Roosevelt's system of codes. These codes were for the regulation of industry, and they began with the noble prohibition of the scandal of child labour in the cotton world. This scandal, which had persisted in spite of every effort by philanthropy or organised labour to stifle it, owed its existence to the fact that such labour was cheap. The President would have none of it.

A Wonderful Spectacle

From that he went forward to the institution of no fewer than 700 codes governing the conditions of industry and, within limits, the wages and hours in all sorts of employment. Two-thirds of them have been already passed.

It was the enactment by one man at one stroke of what it has taken us a century to do in this country, and it has been a wonderful spectacle to see it carried through by the sheer persistence of Mr Roosevelt.

Now, for all legal purposes, the codes are dead, and President Roosevelt appears to stand among the ruins of all he wrought for. But that, we believe, is a greater illusion than any other. This man who, like a modern Atlas, strove to raise a New World on his shoulders, will find immovable support on the rock of a people's will and conscience; and one thing will come, we may be sure, of all this: the American Constitution will be made as adaptable to the modern world as it was to the world of George Washington.

THE TRAP THE KING FORBIDS

House of Lords Refuses To Abolish It

CRUELTY TO RABBITS

It is a tragedy that the House of Lords has rejected the Bill for the prohibition of the steel trap used for catching rabbits.

We can only hope that the debate will call the attention of our landowners and farmers to the cruelty they are permitting on their property.

The steel-trap rarely kills its victims outright, but, holding them in its toothed jaws for hours, inflicts torture too horrible to contemplate. Not only are rabbits caught, but birds, dogs, and cats are frequently victims. It is maintained that 30,000,000 rabbits are tortured in these traps every year.

Forestry and Farming

One of the curious facts about the use of these traps is that they do not clear a district of rabbits, the explanation being that rabbit farms have been established for the fur and the owners and trappers deliberately release a proportion of those captured lest the supply should diminish.

Both forestry and ordinary farming are ruined by rabbits, and it is in the general interest that their numbers should be reduced. There are efficient and inexpensive means of destroying these pests painlessly, and they should be used instead of the toothed steel trap. Many landowners, including the King, have forbidden the steel traps on their estates, keeping down the rabbits by humane methods.

The CN hopes that all who read it will follow the King and be humane.

ANXIOUS FRANCE

One More Money Crisis

In spite of the courage of M. Flandin, who defied pain and made an earnest appeal to the French Chamber, his Government was defeated, and there has been another crisis in the affairs of France, M. Bouisson succeeding as Premier.

Both internal and external trade have diminished in recent months, and speculators have made matters more difficult by an attack on the franc. Millions of pounds left French shores for America and England.

The Bank of France increased its rate, and M. Flandin's Government brought in a short Bill to give them power until the end of the year to make decrees necessary to restore public finances, defend public credit, and maintain the currency. The Chamber, however, declined to grant such dictatorial powers.

The real cause of the trouble is the unwillingness of French Governments to balance their Budgets, every failure to do so meaning more borrowing and thus more interest to pay out each year. Already interest on debt amounts to £400,000,000, a colossal sum to meet out of a year's taxes.

THINGS SAID

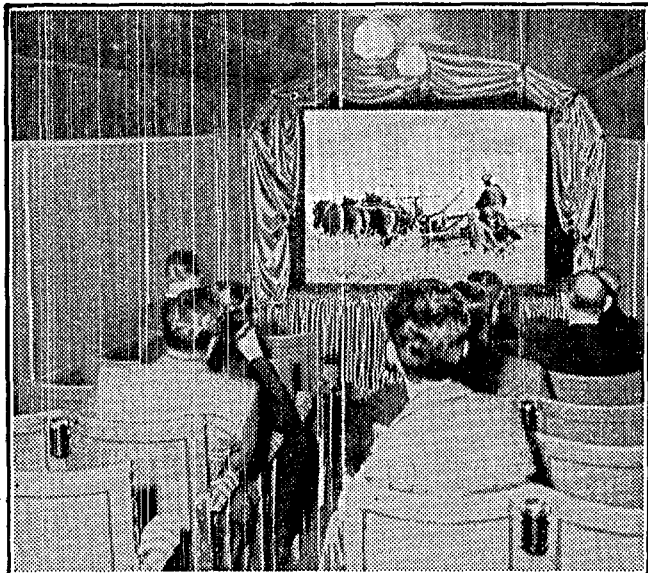
Is it not better to commemorate the birth of a book than the death of its writer?
M. André Rousseaux

The universal thinkers belong to no precise period in the history of ideas.
Mr David Garnett

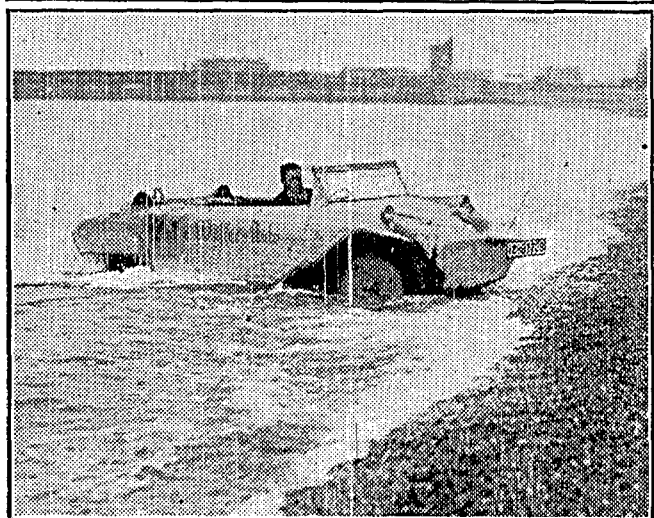
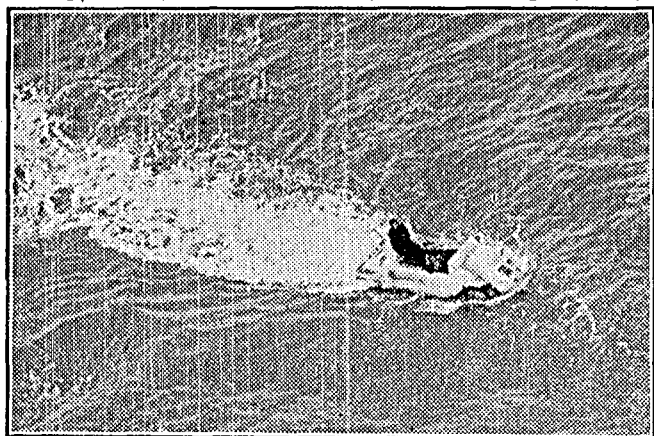
There are some things in this world which cannot be bought, and one of them is the influence of the home.
Sir William Jowitt

The greatest test of a man's ability is not to undertake a job just because he likes it, but to undertake a job he does not like and do it as if he did like it.
Sir Hugh Allen

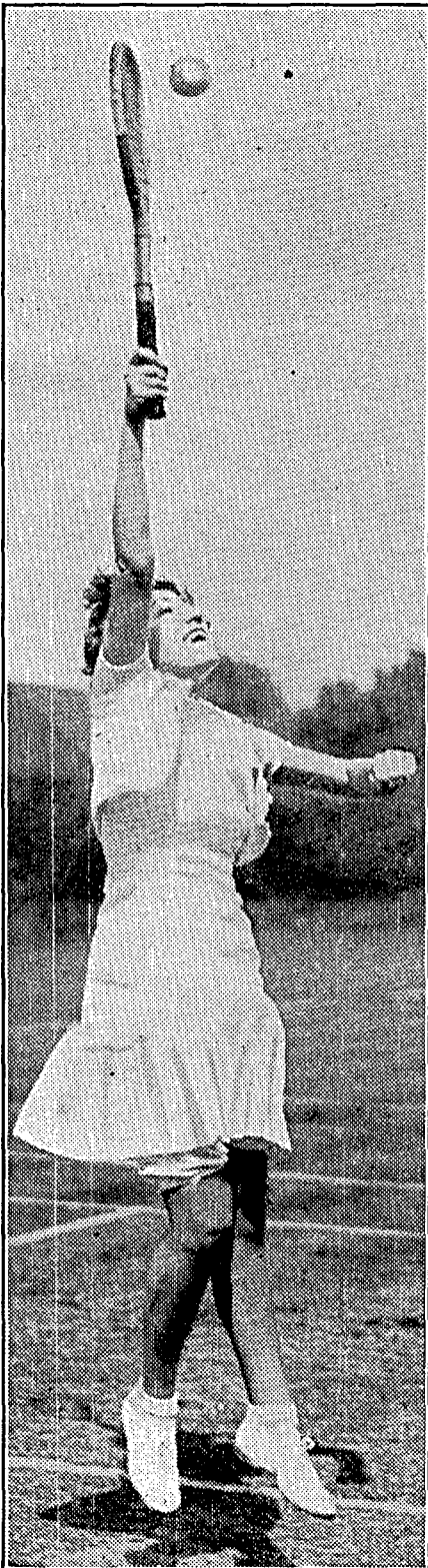
TRAIN TALKIES • CAR SWIMS THE CHANNEL • FAMOUS SCULPTOR



Train Talkies—In a special coach on a London-Peterborough train moving pictures (in more than one sense) are shown during the journey.



Car Swims the Channel—Herr Jakob Baulig, a German inventor, has driven his amphibian car from Calais to Dover. It has paddles on the rear wheels. In these pictures he is seen afloat and driving ashore.



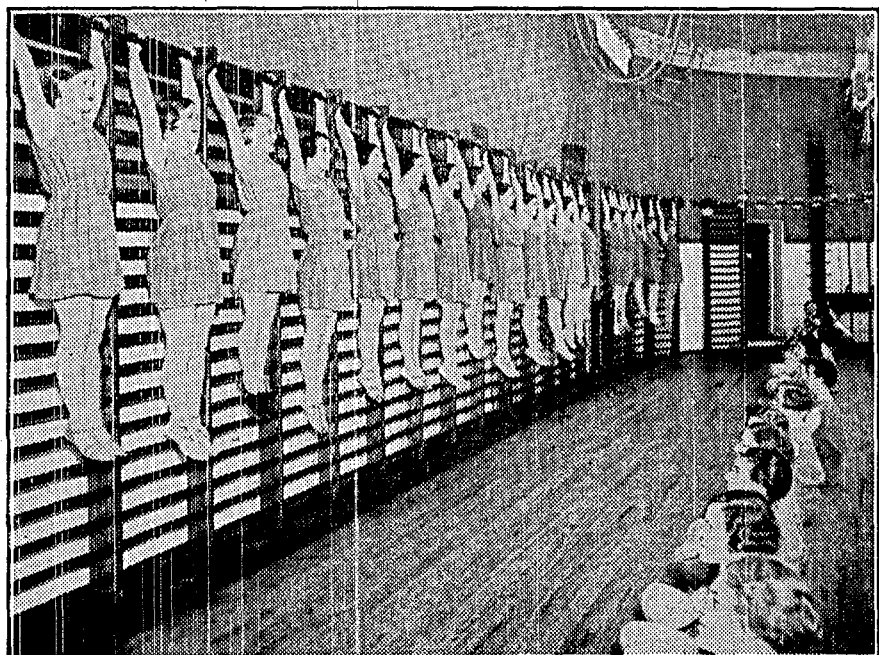
A Champion's Daughter—Miss H. Brookes, here seen playing in a tournament at Surbiton, is the daughter of Mr N. E. Brookes, who won the Wimbledon Championship in 1914.



A Real Baby Car—This single-seater car, shown here in the streets of Portsmouth, has a one-and-a-half h.p engine and a speed of 35 m.p.h.



In the Tate Gallery—An exhibition by the famous American sculptor Mr Paul Manship, who is seen in this picture with one of his animal groups, has been held in the Tate Gallery.



Hanging On the Wall—The newly-formed English Gymnastic Society holds an instruction class in a hall at South Kensington.



What Shall We Do Next?—A conference to decide on the next game, held in a boat on the beach at St Ives in Cornwall.

FOUNTAIN OF LIVES FOR THE FLAG

IS IT DRYING UP?

Germany Has More People
Than the Empire Has British
THE EMPTY LANDS

The serious decline in the number of children in our elementary schools lends importance to the corresponding decline of population in the Dominions.

In the past the British Isles have been as a fountain of lives for the Empire. Because our people went abroad to build new fortunes the Dominions came into being and grew to importance. Now the fountain is dried up.

As recently as 1914, when the war broke out, there were 727,000 boys and girls in London schools. The estimate for 1938 is only 525,000, a fall of 202,000 London children of school age in only 24 years!

If a people are to maintain their numbers they must maintain a birthrate of 20 each year for every 1000 people in the country. We are short of this rate by over 5 per 1000, and therefore we have now no surplus of lives to spare for emigration; we need more new lives to maintain our present numbers.

Situation in the Dominions

In the Dominions things are little better. Thus in South Africa, among the white population, as recently as 1929 the births were over 26 per 1000, but the figure for 1933 was only 23.7, and the 1934 figure is believed to be less. This is barely more than replacement rate. The South African British are already in decline; the Dutch not yet.

In Australia the rate in 1929 was 20, but in 1933 it was only 16.8, and in the middle of last year only 16.3, actually less than replacement rate. In New Zealand the 1933 rate was only 16.6, or 3.4 short of replacement.

Canada is a little better, for in 1932 the rate was 22.4. This is just above replacement rate, but there is a yearly fall, and the figure of last year is believed to be barely above replacement. Moreover the rate is maintained at this poor level only because the French-Canadian rate is still high. The British Canadians are below replacement rate.

Now let us look at the white population of the British Commonwealth as a whole. In all the British Empire, covering a fourth of the entire land surface of the world, there are no more than 71,700,000 white men, women, and children, many of whom (French Canadians, Boers, and others) are not of British race.

The Foundation of Greatness

In Germany, locked within a small European boundary of 180,000 square miles, without colonies or chance to emigrate or enter into overseas enterprise, are 66,000,000 Germans. There are as many Germans in Germany as there are people of British race in the entire British Empire.

The Empire mainly consists of native peoples of many races. In all it has some 480 million people, of whom nearly 50 millions are in the British Isles and 430 millions overseas. Of the 430 millions overseas less than 22 millions are white.

A great Canadian economist has called his land an empty country. That remark is also true of other parts of the Empire, especially of Australia.

It is necessary for the British people to realise the truth, for greatness is built not on space but on people.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Coblentz Ko-blents
Katanga Kah-tahng-gah
Oregon Or-e-gon
Timor Te-mor

WHAT GERMANY MUST NOT KNOW

Keeping the News From
the People

AND WHAT THEY MUST
BE TOLD

The German newspapers have become mere mouthpieces of what the Government wish their readers to know, and today there are quite a lot of things they must not publish.

Many of the newspapers receive confidential instructions from the Ministry of Propaganda, both as to the news which must be suppressed and the views which must be expressed.

It is not only foreign news that must be qualified by the Government point of view, but domestic events unpalatable to the rulers of Germany must not even be mentioned. Any shrewd editor who reads his instructions carefully can gather the trend of Government policy in these days and realise what are its chief hopes and fears.

Life Under Dictators

Nothing must be published, for example, about the visit of Polish officers to Berlin, about an agreement under which Rumania sells petroleum to Germany, about General Goering's visit to Yugo-Slavia; or about the movements of Herr Hitler. *Nothing must be said about any conflicts at religious meetings.*

On the other hand, emphasis must be laid on the progress made by Communists in the French elections, which should be shown to be a result of the Franco-Russian agreement; and the debates in the British Parliament on Air Forces may be published to the exclusion of all other news. Even in this case the numbers of the German Air Force must not be quoted.

So life goes under Dictators.

THREE KINGS

One More Conference To Come

We live in an age of conferences, but one which is to last through the summer vacation will interest all boys and girls.

It is that of three child kings—Michael of Rumania, Peter the Second of Yugo-Slavia, and Mahidol of Siam.

Michael is, of course, a king no longer, but he was one for a brief space of time, before his father resumed the throne he had renounced. Michael is 13 and still at school. But his holidays are to be spent on the shores of one of the lovely Italian lakes, where a villa has been rented for him.

As it is poor fun to spend your summer holidays by yourself his two colleagues, Peter aged 11 and Mahidol aged 9, have been invited to keep him company.

It is not expected that the youthful sovereigns will discuss world problems to the exclusion of all games, but it is not impossible that they will come to some joint decision respecting the vexed question of pocket-money, which King Mahidol raised on his own account soon after he succeeded to the throne.

THE HEROIC INVALID

We are glad to think that Albert Millington was well enough to attend Leigh Police Court the other day and receive the Royal Humane Society's Certificate. He might easily have paid for a gallant deed with his life.

It was in a period of bitterly cold weather, and he was lying in bed recovering from influenza when he heard a cry for help. He ran from his bed to the canal, jumped in, and swam to the rescue of a girl of 18. He succeeded in getting her to the bank; and did not die of pneumonia. Leigh must be very proud of its heroic invalid.

A gamekeeper in Suffolk has been fined £3 for offering wild birds for sale.

QUETTA

The Tragic Doom of a
Modern Town

ALDERSHOT OF WESTERN INDIA

Quetta has been a name of terror to many who never knew it before, and tragic is the news of the earthquake there.

The terrible disaster was redeemed in some measure by the heroism and energy shown by all races in India in their efforts to reduce the suffering.

Few disasters in Indian territory have been so dramatic as this. Here was a town, most of it built in this century, set on high ground and surrounded by orchards. It was the refuge of the administrators of Baluchistan during the hot season when life is unbearable in most other districts. Here is the Staff College at which officers are trained for the Indian Army, and here is the Aldershot of Western India, with barracks and aerodromes for the defence of the Bolan Pass.

Levelled in a Few Minutes

The nerve-centre of the 135,000 square miles which comprise Baluchistan, this town of 35,000 people was levelled to the ground in a few minutes.

The police force was wiped out and the air force lost most of its men; a hospital collapsed, killing 200 of its 300 patients. It will never be known how many perished in this earthquake, for not only did Quetta suffer but towns and villages nearly 100 miles north and south were overwhelmed.

Fortunately the railway lines were easily repaired, and hundreds of the terror-stricken survivors and wounded were removed to safer quarters.

TOO CHEAP BECOMES TOO DEAR

Too Many Food Sellers?

THE FARMER'S INDICTMENT

Again and again the cost of food distribution is questioned.

The farmers are up in arms against the wide margin separating the price they get for their produce and the shop price paid by the housewife. Whether it is meat, milk, vegetables, or fruit, that margin is always astonishing at first sight.

A great authority has stated the middleman's margin on various products as follows:

Milk	100 per cent
Peas, beans, carrots	100 to 180 per cent
Small fruit	100 to 150 per cent

Thus a gallon of milk may be sold for a shilling or so by the farmer and sold retail for over two shillings.

When we examine the facts we find that the retailer often makes a poor living out of his big retail margin. That is because there is such a host of retail distributors fighting each other for a share of the big margin.

A Sussex farmer states that he has the figures of a district in which 130 milk-sellers are distributing only 14 gallons of milk a day each!

It seems a great pity that the nation should have to take steps to secure more profit for farmers by shutting out imports, by quotas and other devices, while the price paid in shops is handsome enough to give producers much more than a fair price.

It is also a pity that the high retail price, while failing to pay the farmers, reduces the comfort of the working population, and deprives millions of the food they need. We ought to remedy a condition in which *what is too cheap for the farmer becomes too dear for the citizen*. The remedy is organisation.

FARMS OR FACTORIES?

LAND IS BEST OF ALL

A Point Which Should Be
Remembered in Parliament

THE WORK MOST PROFITABLE
FOR THE NATION

There is a Back-to-the-Land movement in Canada.

When modern industry boomed in Canada, as elsewhere, men flocked to the cities from the land. Now that the city booms have brought suffering to so many through unemployment men bethink themselves of the steadiness of land work.

An official Quebec Colonisation Scheme is moving hundreds of men back to the fertile places. First the men go and their families follow. The Quebec Government is spending millions of dollars on this excellent work.

Machine Industry

In Europe also it is being realised that machine industry—at least, as at present organised—yields an uncertainty of employment for millions.

In Italy a determined effort has been made to stay the movement to the towns by means of its Guild System.

From our own Distressed Areas workers are being brought back to the land that nurtured their forebears.

The nations which cherish their land and the work done upon it suffer least from unemployment. It is true that farmers throughout the world suffered bitterly in the slump, but the depression was *made by the towns*, whose operations first raised food prices and then caused them to fall headlong. Even so, the distress in the agricultural regions was not so acute as in the places where it was manufactured by industrial and financial folly.

Man Depends on the Land

There is this also to say of the land, that work done on it yields much more than work in a factory, and for this reason. Work in raising food is work which helps natural forces to produce wealth. Man on the land assists Nature to perform the most beneficent of functions, the maintenance of life.

In the factory men at the best can only produce inanimate articles that cannot reproduce themselves. That is why food is relatively so much cheaper than goods.

Those who despise agricultural work, or deem the factory a more intelligent thing than a farm, take a view distorted by artificial surroundings. In reality man depends on the land, and the realisation of that fact should be at the root of all our social policy.

TALE OF A STORM

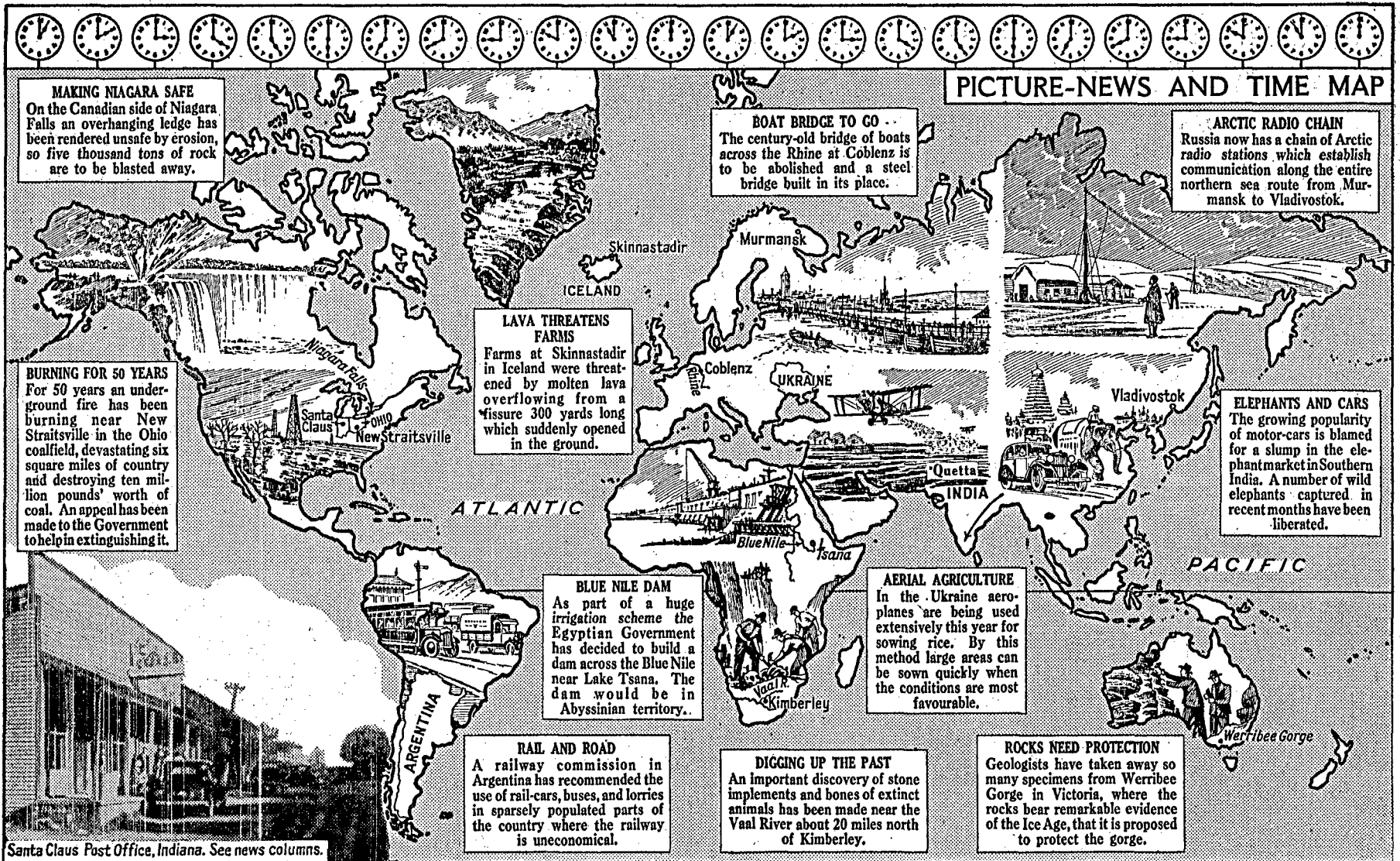
The Iceland Crew and the
Grimsby Fishermen

All their lives the Grimsby fishermen will remember with gratitude the crew of the Iceland trawler Garda.

During a storm last winter the Grimsby trawler Macleay was wrecked near Mio Fjord. The Garda made a gallant attempt to rescue the shipwrecked men from seaward, but failed. But the crew would not leave their comrades of the sea to drown. They tried another way.

Leaving the wreck, they sailed up the fjord, and as they went they prepared a home-made breeches buoy. They hunted for a good landing-place, then hauled the buoy six miles overland, and brought all the shipwrecked men to safety.

Probably they thought little more about it, but in a Board of Trade Report which has been lately issued the judges praised the resourcefulness of the Garda's crew, and their admiration for the Icelanders will be shared by all who read the story.



THE GODS OF MON PREMIER

A Hut Full of Terror

Món Premier Jean Baptiste lived in Haiti, and he practised Voodoo, making offerings to the priest because he was afraid of evil spirits.

In one short year he had given a cow, two pigs, three prize chickens, and nearly £4. He had filled his house with fetiches, and yet his child died.

Then the broken-hearted man lost faith in the Voodoo priest, and sent a message asking the missionary to come to him. The missionary made a five-mile trip to the hut, and explained to the man that if he wished to become a Christian he must give up Voodoo and fetiches altogether.

There followed a strange scene, described in the June issue of *The Kingdom Overseas*. It was like a game of Hunt the Thimble. From every part of the home, buried inside and outside it, curious things were produced, for terror of evil spirits had led the man to put his fetiches everywhere.

There were bottles buried in the floor, sticks stuck into the walls, bits of magic paper thrust into the thatch. When all were finally collected they were made into a heap and burned.

It is difficult for us to realise how lucky we are to live free from the fear that surrounds thousands of people from the cradle to the grave.

WHO WAS LILY ALMY?

We had never heard of her till quite lately, when we read the new *Life of Louisa Alcott* which has won the John Newbery Medal.

In it is told how Mr Niles, an American publisher, suggested to Louisa, then unknown, that she should try her hand at a story for girls. When the manuscript came into his hands this bachelor man found it dull, hesitated, and then determined to try it out on a girl.

That lucky girl's name was Lily Almy of Longwood. She galloped through it, and returned an opinion so wildly enthusiastic that it made all the difference.

FILMS AND GANGS

Making Money Out of Crime

Someone said the other day that children eagerly ask if a film is about gangsters, so popular are crime pictures.

We do not know if this is true, but two things are certain—the presentation of crime as an adventure makes for its glorification and child gangs are springing up in imitation of kinema models.

Detailed reports of juvenile crime gangs have recently come from places as far apart as Croydon, Liverpool, Bath, Birmingham, and Catford. At Bath the gang leader was a boy of 13, at Birmingham a girl of 11.

The popular Education Act was passed as long ago as 1870. What have we done for education if we cannot save our children from this kind of thing?

A RAT WAR WON

Five years ago musk rats were increasing at such a rate, especially in parts of Wales, that they had become a positive danger to health and property.

The Ministry of Agriculture had no alternative but to declare war on them, and in Shropshire the war was exceedingly intensive and costly. For three years the war between man and the rat continued, and it cost man £10,000 through the Ministry of Agriculture.

Mr T. C. Ward, chairman of the Salop Agriculture Committee, reports that during the last three months no musk rat has been seen or caught in that area.

BIGGEST QUARRY BLAST YET

A million tons of granite have been blown at one blast from the quarry at Bonawe in Argyllshire.

This is the biggest explosion which has ever occurred in this industry in our islands, and was the result of two-years preparation. A shaft and chambers for 20 tons of explosive were bored 100 feet deep into the mountainside, £5000 being spent on this work. The face of the quarry was 500 feet high, and the granite dislodged will keep hundreds of men employed for many years to come.

HE LOOKED AND LEAPED

The Great Consolation

When a little child fell into the River Lea at Stratford a man named Edward Wiggins ran to the waterside.

He looked before he leaped. At this point the river was enclosed by high concrete walls, and once in the water the man would not be able to get out without help. Nevertheless he leaped.

Twenty minutes later he was rescued by ropes. He was exhausted and sad because, in spite of diving repeatedly, he had failed to find the child. Nevertheless his brave act was not in vain, for the little one's parents are comforted to think that the young life was not thrown away for lack of a rescuer.

No father could have done more than this stranger did in risking his life for the child's.

THE EMPIRE BUYS FROM OUR SHOP

More and more cheerful are the trade returns. British exports of British goods, mainly manufactured articles, rose in April to £33,000,000, against 30 millions last year and 26 in 1933.

The Empire continues to buy from us freely, and this largely accounts for the healthier condition of our exports. In the first quarter of the year British countries, with a population of less than a fourth of the world, bought from us nearly half our exports.

Australia bought nearly £7,000,000; New Zealand over £3,000,000; South Africa over £8,000,000; Canada nearly £4,000,000. These are great purchases by small populations.

THE LOUT

There remains a small minority of litter louts whom no appeal seems to touch. They treat the countryside as a bear garden made for themselves alone.

The only remedy would seem to be the punishment devised by a New York magistrate.

He makes litter louts pick up other people's rubbish for hours, and he sends a policeman to see that they do it. Daily Mail

BOY'S MODEL VILLAGE

After 65 Years of Education

A story is told of the boys of a club in a poor London district.

They were asked to plan a model village, and the results were illuminating. Each model village had a kinema, and one boy provided a kinema for every two houses. Only a few of the models planned houses with gardens, and not one provided a church.

It is not an amusing story, for it shows how far some London children are removed from a real and healthy life. One is reminded of the London boy who regarded a cow as a sort of tank containing milk.

The first Education Act was passed by Mr Gladstone's Government in 1870, but the effective education of a city boy is too often the bewilderment of the street, in which life presents itself as a medley of artificial things from which every trace of Nature has vanished.

THE STORY OF 300 DOLLS

Three hundred dolls found good homes last year in Philadelphia by an unusual method.

Three Children's Playgrounds lent the dolls to prospective owners with cards like library cards. If the doll did not give satisfaction she could be exchanged. In any case she was brought in once a week for inspection, and if she was clean and in good condition she was allowed to go home again with her new mother.

Dolls badly cared for were found new homes with girls who would give them better treatment.

Most of the "mothers" had earned the right to adopt their dolls permanently by the end of the season, and many had learned a great deal about laundry-work.

STEEL SIGNALS

Steel is to replace wood for signal posts as renewals become necessary on the L M S Railway, tubular steel being used for those under 30 feet high and lattice steel for others.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 15

1935



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Gold Will Not Save Us

It is a very remarkable thing that the two nations which have hoarded most of the world's gold are just now the most insecure nations in the world. Who envies France and America?

The further payment of War Debts and War Reparations has been dropped by common consent, after working incalculable mischief, and we are glad that our columns never ceased, while the payments were still in being, to protest against them and to assert with confidence that they would have to be cancelled or dropped.

America's gold could not save her from the consequences of unsound banking and wild speculation; on the contrary, it undoubtedly served to encourage the financial fever which brought so many Americans to ruin in 1929 and after. Today the magnificent American territory sees a good ruler struggling to restore confidence, and framing great relief works to save millions of distressed people of all classes from public charity.

The gold of France, it was thought, formed an absolutely sound backing for the franc. In fact, it amounted to 80 per cent of the paper francs issued. This has not prevented lack of confidence, and we have witnessed a wild rush for gold by the depositors in French banks and by foreigners having money in France. In so short a period as the first three weeks of May frightened investors drew over £100,000,000 of gold from the French banks.

The American dollar has been already reduced in gold value. The French franc was heavily devalued after the war, the gold value of the franc being thus reduced. In both countries there are many who call for still further devaluation. But no such expedient as this is a remedy for the disease of Lost Confidence. Human affairs are one with human nature, and men, to be active and successful in their work, must possess confidence. *What America and France have shown is that business confidence does not rest upon hoarding gold.*

France is taking hurried steps to save the situation, but no hasty action can do more than tide things over. The truth is that France has been spending far more than she raises by taxation, and that speculators, trading on the essential weakness thus created, have made matters worse. France needs a sound balanced Budget, and in the long run nothing less will serve to bring what France is so often asking for, Security.

Most Wealth and Most Crime

THE position of the United States continues to give much food for thought in more ways than one.

A population of 123 millions, living on the naturally richest area in the world, has 20 millions receiving public relief, 11 millions unemployed, and an uncounted number of "public enemies," criminals whose hand is against every man.

It is a great task to which President Roosevelt has set his hand, and this at least may be said of the degree of success he has so far achieved—that after him things in America will never be the same again. A large-scale attack has been opened on conditions which associate so strangely wealth and crime, luxury and beggary.

£100,000,000 a Year For a Bad Habit

It has been stated in Parliament that our unemployment pay has now reached £2,000,000 a week.

It is a great sum to pay men for doing nothing. Why not pay it to men for doing something?

We do not hesitate to say that this is the test of good government. It is bad government to pay a great army of men for doing nothing while there is plenty of work to do. It is good government to settle on the work to be done and to set the men to do it.

What is happening is that we have settled down to the bad habit of letting work wait while we pay men to be idle.

The New Noise

WE must all sympathise greatly with those who complain of the noise made by night-flying aeroplanes, yet we fear there is no remedy while war lasts. It is one of the bitter new things in the world.

The aeroplane is now accepted as the main instrument of war, and while this is so we cannot blame war exercises in the air. The young men who fly for us in peace are risking their lives now to be prepared for the "next war," and we must either reject war or cease to complain of those who offer to die for us.

It is true that some commercial planes fly at night, but they are urged to do so to prepare pilots for war.

The Sneer and the Cane

WE are inclined to agree with Dr Crichton Miller when he says that a schoolmaster can hurt and harm much more by sarcasm or a sneer than by the cane; but we hasten to add that we think sarcastic schoolmasters are rare.

The fact is that things heard in childhood cannot be forgotten, and that to use words that wound the self-respect of a child may mar its character for life. What is called the Inferiority Complex is often the product of unthinking words.

100,000 Causes of Accidents

It is more than time that our motor firms improved their brakes.

It is some months since we told the story of a car of one of the most popular English firms which made six attempts in one year to get the brakes in order and then replaced them with new ones.

Now we hear that the police themselves have called attention to more than 20,000 faulty brakes in a year, from which we are entitled to assume that there must be at least 100,000 cars on our roads with bad brakes.

It is an abominable thing, and it is the fault of the motor industry.

Tip-Cat

How do people manage to live by taking in washing? asks a correspondent. They just hang out.

It is said of a certain Judge that he has an electrical temperament. Gives light sentences.

A MAN has risen from farmer's boy to college don. By degrees.



It has been discovered that a new tennis court is twelve inches too big. Somebody didn't know where to draw the line.

POLITICIANS are better here than in other countries, we are told. Better for whom?

BUTTONHOLES Returning, says a headline. But the buttons are usually off.

PROFESSIONAL weight lifters are having a lean time. Can only just pick up a living.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

£20,000 worth of radium has been lent to Oxford for three years by the Government of Czecho-Slovakia.

FOR the 12th year in succession Rutland has held no Assizes.

Two gifts of £50,000 have been received by Middlesex Hospital from Mr Edward Meyerstein and Mr W. H. Collins.

JUST AN IDEA

Even the trees shelter those who pass their way, and are not we more than many trees?

Greatheart Takes a Holiday

Do you know, said George, looking up from a circular, that you can have six days in Belgium for £3 16s 6d?

Then they all started to discuss holidays and the best ways of spending them. One had taken a canoe along the waterways of Holland; another had tramped through the Black Forest; a third had driven a gallant old car across Spain—and arrived with many bruises.

"But have any of you ever spent a holiday like one I heard?" said Country Girl. "The man himself did not tell me about it, but his sister-in-law did. It's the same holiday every year. He goes home to the North, and spring cleans his mother's cottage for her. She is too old to do much herself, and the family is too poor to pay anyone. But once a year every inch of the place is scrubbed, sorted, and sometimes whitewashed. His wife wishes he could get an open-air holiday, but he says he enjoys it, and I know his mother does."

St Paul's

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the sad state of our national cathedral, St Paul's.

Never has it looked more lovely than now, after the restoration of the interior; yet how unhappy it is in its setting, crowded in so that it can hardly be seen.

It is truly pitiful that a full view of Wren's masterpiece is denied us. We can see the front façade, not too well, from the top of Ludgate Hill, but for the rest we can only strain our necks to obtain a foreshortened view of the elevations. Even the Post Office, by the erection of Faraday Building, has destroyed one of our finest views of it in the last few years.

Again and again London has had the chance to buy the sites, now covered with big buildings, which bar us from so splendid an inheritance.

Might not the Government even now offer pound for pound to raise a public fund to set St Paul's free?

Three Things

England produces three things that can be found anywhere, but in this island are marvellously beautiful—women, trees, and horses. If an English girl draws rein under a great tree you will see grouped in a single picture the three marvels of her country.

THIS charming thing was said 80 years ago by Francis Wey, a French art critic whose impressions of England have just been translated by Mrs Valerie Pirie.

In three reigns the English girl has received no prettier compliment, and so it seems worth repeating.

Awake, my Soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Bishop Ken

HEROES OF A YEAR

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S SPIRIT GOES ON

Rich Man's Wish That Brave Men Should Not Suffer Poverty

THREADS OF THE GREAT WEB

Over 30 years ago Andrew Carnegie wrote to his fellow-townsmen in Dunfermline, "The gods send thread for a web begun."

He began more than one great web himself. Perhaps the best known on this side of the Atlantic is the Carnegie Hero Fund. Its 1934 Report shows that his great intention is still being worthily carried out, for 88 cases of heroism were recognised during that year, and the Roll of Heroes, 26 years old, now contains 3882 names.

Lives Lost in Saving Others

All these men and women have risked their lives in trying to save others. Last year 22 of them died as a result of their courage. In such cases grants are sometimes made to their relatives, and when the heroes are injured the Trust sees to it that they do not suffer financially during the time they are unable to work.

Some of the deeds reported have already been told in the C.N. Many others have received but scant attention anywhere. Their brief stories must be read with imagination, with an understanding of the hours of pain some men have endured, of the quickness of brain, or the long determination, necessary to bring the undertaking to an end, sometimes without the reward of success, and of the relief it has been to many to know that their families had not to face poverty during their enforced idleness when injury or illness has followed heroism.

Rescues From Drowning

The greatest number of awards in 1934 was for rescues from drowning. Here are a few of the stories.

Sixteen-year-old Harold Cox of Workington rescued a boy who fell into a reservoir. The boy might have been drawn into the suction pipes in the water, and so might Harold, whose task was made more difficult by the struggles of the lad he managed to bring to safety.

Aage Jensen, aged 19, was ship's boy on a Danish steamer in Ayr Harbour. The strongest gale known for years was blowing when an elderly seaman, trying to jump on board, lost his footing and fell into the tempestuous water. Without stopping to take off even his sea-boots Jensen jumped in, and kept the man up until a rope ladder was let down to them. Either or both of them might easily have been crushed against the side of the quay by the tossing boat.

An even younger rescuer is Frederick Dodd, 13, of Burradon. He was black-berrying when shouts reached him from a pond, where two boys had been playing on a raft and had upset it. Fred jumped in, brought one boy to the side, and then swam back and fetched the other to safety.

Braving Underground Terrors

Perhaps the rescues demanding the coolest courage are those where men are trapped underground, when the double threat of poisonous fumes and falling earth hangs over any who attempt to release them. Five men braved these terrors in Garswood Hall Collieries after an explosion, one of them losing his life in a second explosion while they were carrying on rescue work in a danger zone.

In the Brynamman Colliery a party was trapped by water. The men divided into two groups to search for a way out. One group found they could escape by a flooded roadway, and one of them, Thomas Thomas, went back to show the rest the way, waiting until all were out before he left.

John Clews and another workman were caught in a fall of stone at an

MRS LIME TREE HAS A BIRTHDAY

BIRTHDAYS are always thrilling things, and nothing prettier can be imagined than the birthday which has just been celebrated in the old courtyard of one of Copenhagen's colleges.

The birthday child, as the hero of the day is called in Germany, had seen 150 summers; but she looked remarkably well in her birthday finery of fresh green leaves and fragrant flowers, and the bees that swarmed in her branches thought her as sweet as ever.

Mrs Lime Tree, as everyone calls her, was planted by Anders Christian Hviid, provost of Regens College, on a tender spring day when his own life was in its happy spring; and the tree grew and flourished and in time became a sort of symbol of the college itself and the spirit

which animates it. It has long been the custom in Copenhagen to celebrate these birthdays, especially the more outstanding ones, with every kind of pomp and circumstance, and the 150th was kept with a state which outvied everything that went before. The king himself and several of his ministers came to do honour to Mrs Lime Tree; and after speeches the guests, with the king at their head, solemnly went up and shook hands with her.

A dummy hand and arm, white-gloved and feminine, had been attached to the trunk; and if Mrs Lime Tree did not feel the pressure of all those friendly hands she must certainly have heard the lusty cheers of the young students which shook the college walls themselves.

MINERS MAN THE LIFEBOAT



Nearly all the crew of this lifeboat at Cresswell in Northumberland are miners. Their wives and daughters help to launch the boat.

Continued from the previous column

Ouston pit. Clews had one of his legs broken, and was buried almost to the waist, but he managed to free his mate, who had been completely covered, and then crawled 200 yards for help.

At Workington a man was buried by a fall of iron ore, and Patrick Torley supported him, risking burial, for an hour, while others dug the ore away.

The highest award of the Trust, the Bronze Medal, was earned by James Ferns of Glasgow on a foggy November night. On the station where he was on duty as porter people were waiting for a delayed train, and a woman, hearing it approach, walked forward too far and fell on to the line, breaking her wrist. She called for help, and her brother knelt down on the edge of the platform and tried to pull her up.

James Ferns ran up and, knowing there was no time to lose, jumped down beside the rails, told the woman to lie down, and held her against the wall as the train passed, saving her by his promptitude.

Children and labourers, fishermen and shop assistants, clerks, and many unemployed men are among these heroes of peace. He serves God best who most nobly serves humanity, says the Carnegie Medal.

Of 80,000 would-be recruits for the Army last year only 25,000 were passed.

The Italian broadcasting stations are giving talks in English.

The cost to the United States of the Great War has now been officially put at about £8353,000,000.

COLOUR CAMERA

HERE AT LAST

Film That Can Be Used For Ordinary Snapshots

THE IDEAS OF THE OLD PIONEERS

That colour photography, like television, has at long last come to us is made evident by several new inventions in the field of photography in natural colours.

One of these is the Kodachrome film, with which anybody can take home cinematograph pictures in colour in an ordinary movie camera. This has followed close upon the Dufaycolor film, which does the same thing and was introduced last summer; but the Dufaycolor film, originally a French invention and since perfected by an English company, is this summer being made in the form of roll films for ordinary snapshots.

Many New Inventions

Both these methods give a transparent film in colours which must be looked through; but already two methods of making paper prints in colour have been invented, and these will soon be available to amateurs, so that they will be able to take their pictures in colour and send them to be developed and printed in colour.

In other directions many new inventions are being developed to give us colour films in the cinema. The delightful Walt Disney cartoons made by the Technicolour process are known and loved by all children and most grown-ups. But recently coloured kine films have been seen in English theatres made by the Dufaycolor process, and demonstrations have been given of many other colour systems.

Before long the snapshot and the moving picture in natural colours will be accepted as an everyday thing like the gramophone and wireless.

The most romantic thing about colour photography is the number of vast fortunes spent and lost in bringing it into existence. Almost as soon as the first photographs had been taken in black and white inventors began to think about taking pictures in colours, and over and over again they have very nearly succeeded.

The Men of the Past

It was the apparent ease with which the problem could be solved that caused hundreds of thousands of pounds to be invested in one process after another, and the stories of failure spread over the last half-century make sad reading. Some 800 methods have been patented!

The irony of it is that the methods that have at length given success are based on the very principles the early pioneers worked out. Their ideas could not be put into practice simply because other chemical discoveries necessary to their carrying out had not been made. In the successes of the future we must not forget the men of the past, such as Ducos du Hauron and Clerk-Maxwell.

BRIGHTON DELIGHT

Brighton has a new park, 40 acres of woods and meadows between the old town and the Downs.

The town is to be congratulated on saving this oasis in a district which lacks the beauty trees bring and the delights associated with wild birds.

This park is already a sanctuary for birds and it is hoped the change of ownership will not cause a change of habitation for the owls, magpies, woodpeckers, and other birds that nest here.

Brighton is growing apace and in saving this lovely spot from the builder it has preserved a piece of natural England within its bounds for all time. We like this policy infinitely better than her policy of spoiling the South Downs with motor-racing.

NEWS OF AN OLD EVENT

The Biggest Meteorite That Ever Fell

AIR-WAVE WHICH BLEW DOWN TREES

News has come of a very old event, the falling of one of the greatest meteors the Earth ever encountered.

It fell in Siberia in June 1908, making enormous pits in the earth and destroying forests over a wide area. Some further information has now been published about this wonderful phenomenon.

The scientist Astapowitsch has ascertained that the explosion in which the meteorite ended caused a vertical column of fire with a blue aureole which was visible at a distance of over 200 miles. The pine forest in which it fell was uprooted and burned over a radius of about nine miles. The explosion produced an air-wave so powerful that it felled trees over a radius of 15 miles, and on high ground over a radius of 30.

Remarkable Sunsets

Careful examination of the craters formed by the explosion fails to reveal any parts or material of the meteorite, showing that the body was entirely reduced to either dust or gas.

Dr Whipple, in a paper to the Royal Meteorological Society, expressed the opinion that on June 30, 1908, when the meteor or meteors entered our atmosphere, there was an easterly air current over Siberia and Northern Europe at a height of ten miles, with a speed of 150 miles an hour, which carried the meteoric dust to North-Western Europe within 24 hours. This caused the remarkable sunsets then observed, and the intensification of midsummer twilight throughout the nights of June 30 and July 1 and 2. The limits of these optical effects were rather narrow, for nothing unusual about the sky was observed in either Southern Europe or North America.

HUMAN NATURE IS QUEER

This is Dad

By Our Country Girl

We met her at the cottage gate, this time without the kitten she usually had with her there.

"Where is Snowball?" we asked.

Instantly we saw our blunder. Her eyes filled with tears. Snowball had died, and the poor little thing had seemed to suffer a great deal first.

Dad had been very good, she said. He had paid for a vet, and after Snowball died he had made her a little grave and lined it with flowers. He didn't like to put her pretty fur in the wet earth.

Who is Dad?

A sentimentalist, perhaps you think: a soft, weak sort of fellow.

No. Dad is the blacksmith, the blacksmith in a hunting and agricultural district where there are still many blacksmiths. Dad alone can shoe a certain carthorse which is so vicious that two other smiths have refused to shoe it, and one sent him a warning not to undertake the job or the brute would kill him.

He never shoes it without getting one bad bruise at least, and his wife and daughter have cause to be frightened when they see it coming down the lane.

But Dad won't give up. A contradictory sort of character, perhaps, but it is astonishing how many people respect him. And now he has made a kitten's grave. That is Dad.

A LIFE CUT OFF EVERY 20 MINUTES

America's Safety First Council reports that the nation is making for a terrible record in road accidents.

On American roads one person is killed every 20 minutes or so; here one is killed every 80 minutes.

The Wonderful Man Who Rode Through England

It will be a hundred years next Tuesday since William Cobbett set out on his last journey. He was the man who rode through England.

When he died at the age of 72 he had tramped through England for a great part of 60 years, and had ridden through most of it on his old horse when he was over 50.

He was a countryman born, and he knew the countryside like a book, and a well-thumbed one, so that the book he himself wrote, his Rural Rides of more than a quarter of a million words, remains a picture of the England of his day unequalled in its truth and liveliness. His own character went into it with something of the horny-handed son of toil, much of the countryman's shrewd humour, and all of his sturdiness. He tells a tale of himself, how at a meeting of farmers, where his blunt and well-known Radical opinions did not find favour, it was proposed to put

which was afterwards to serve him well. But it was long before he found a use for it. He had many wandering years to spend in search of his true calling. His first sight of the sea made him want to be a sailor; but the Navy would not have him. He tried his fortunes in London as an attorney's clerk and hated the life. Then he went for a soldier, and became a sergeant-major in two years, but in seven had learned something which the Army had never intended to teach him. He had acquired strong opinions on the treatment of the private soldier, and put them in a book. It was his first essay in revolt against authority.

The next was a far more curious one. He went to America, which was then rather intoxicated with its new independence and expressed it by violent attacks on Great Britain. We have said that Cobbett was a true-born Englishman. Whatever he thought of the Old Country he was not going to have Americans abusing it. He retorted with such vigour that the Tory Government in England recognised him as a powerful adherent, and welcomed him back home. They were still more pleased when, on

his return, he established the Political Register, a weekly publication which began by supporting the Government. But the Government, like others before and after, little knew the sort of man with whom they had to deal.

Cobbett, the born rebel, and above all the friend of his own poor people, turned bitter critic of a Government that suffered bribery and imposed grinding taxes to pay for the war on those who could least afford it. The Government tried to silence him by inflicting on him two years imprisonment for libel. But that could not keep Cobbett quiet. He kept in touch with his paper in prison, and when the war was over and peace was established in 1815, he published a Register which was in effect written by a working-man for working-people and for their cause.

Through it Cobbett instilled into the minds of the people the idea that the remedy for their ills was to work for reform of Parliament, and to do so by peaceful methods. The Government ignored the second clause and increased their repressive measures restricting free speech and public meetings. Cobbett was forced to retire to America; but he came back in another two years, fuller than ever of determination, though the Peterloo Riot and its sequel had led to a further gagging of working-class opinion of the Cobbett kind.

Cobbett's Register was proscribed, and so for ten years he worked by word of mouth, travelling here, there, and everywhere, and writing innumerable books for people to read besides his immortal Rural Rides. His energy was boundless, his activities were unceasing, and he lived to see the rise of reformers of like opinions to his own. He actually went into Parliament; but that was too narrow a theatre for his genius.

Today his membership of Parliament seems the smallest episode in his closing career. He is remembered as the schoolmaster of the working-classes, the man who knew their troubles and their sufferings, and realised, none better, what the countrymen lost through the Industrial Revolution. His teachings and the remedies he offered have their lessons for the England of today.



William Cobbett on one of his rides through England

him out. "And so (says Cobbett) I rose that they might see the man they had to put out."

What they saw was an elderly, respectable-looking, red-faced gentleman in a dust-coloured coat and drab breeches with gaiters, tall and straightly built, with sharp eyes and a round and ruddy countenance. Nobody was going to put William Cobbett out. He had never bowed down before authority, even though it imprisoned him. He had a natural affection for the unpopular cause, the losing side, the underdog.

He was a man of the people, he was the people's man, and he taught them in a day of rotten boroughs and political corruption that if they were to have their rights they must get them by the vote. We might call him the father of social democracy and should not be far wrong.

He was born in Surrey, and his grandfather, the most distant of his ancestors he could remember, was a farm labourer. His father was a farmer and a publican, so it seemed as if young William was destined for the same life. But the farmer's boy was also a reader. One day he threw down the shears with which he was clipping the box edgings of the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham Castle, and set out on foot to find employment at Kew. At Richmond he spent his last threepence on a tattered copy of Swift's Tale of a Tub, and read it till he went to sleep against a haystack. He afterwards said it was the birth of his intellect.

It certainly had a share in forming a style of writing, direct and pungent,

BROADCASTS FOR CHILDREN

A Word To the B B C From Wales

ARE THE SCHOOL TALKS WANTED?

A friend of Education in Wales has asked us to publish the following criticism of the B B C broadcasts for children.

The whole position of broadcasts to children is being attacked from various angles by an ever-increasing number of authoritative people and bodies. At present Welsh protests seem to have pride of place.

The Council of the University of Wales is dissatisfied with the number of schools and education authorities that take the School Broadcasts, for the percentage is very low. It would like more authorities to take the matter up and recommend their schools to participate in the broadcasts.

Teachers Not Machines

On the other hand Mr W. J. Williams, Director of Education for the City of Cardiff, the most go-ahead director in Wales, objects to the School Broadcasts because they tend to the mechanisation of teaching. Teachers are not machines, he says; teaching must not under any consideration become impersonal.

Between these two authorities there are others who object to broadcasting to children on various grounds. Some insist that a child should always be able to see as well as hear, that the senses of seeing and hearing should work together. In listening to the School Broadcasts they say that a child's seeing carries more effect than his hearing, and that in consequence what he learns from the broadcasts is negligible.

Here is another criticism. The Swansea and District Sunday School Union has sent a protest to the B B C against the vulgar jokes which degrade young life. Who are the comedians concerned and what are the jokes is not stated, but if B B C censorship has left cause for such a body as this to protest in the name of the children there must at least be a reply.

Again, there is not general satisfaction about the Sunday afternoon services to children. Some are good, but others are obviously for adults, with a thought or two for the children. An exception, of course, is the Joan and Betty dramatisation of Bible stories for children, a feature which has grown in popularity over the years.

The Children's Hour

During the week it must be said frankly that The Children's Hour has never been satisfactory. Probably the main reason is that all ages have to be catered for, and, as is usual in such cases, none is satisfied. The News feature in this section is well fitted for children in their teens, but what of those who are of earlier years?

Some of this criticism is sound; some of it may be unmerited; but all of it means that the time has come for the B B C to set up an inquiry into the relations of broadcasting to children. Children must be taught to appreciate what is meant for them, for they are the listeners of the future.

LOSING A MILLION DAYS

Our diligent Ministry of Labour reports that nearly a million days work was lost last year through strikes and lock-outs.

The precise number was 959,000, as against 1,072,000 in 1933, and was the lowest since figures have been kept.

There were 471 disputes, the chief trades affected being coal 143; textiles 57; building 44. There were few large disputes. About half the trouble was about wages. Curiously, the 471 disputes were settled like this: one-third in favour of the employers, one-third in favour of the workpeople, and one-third by compromise.

WONDERFUL HOMES IN HUNGARY AND ENGLAND

Where Children Are Kept
Happy Throughout the Day
HELP BY UNEMPLOYED

Some wonderful Homes are now to be found in Hungary, where small children are kept well and happy while their parents seek for work.

Every morning at 7.30 the small people begin to arrive, aged from three to six. They leave behind them homes that are too often filled with the anxiety of unemployment and empty of good food and joys of all kinds, and come into the happy carefree atmosphere that should always be theirs.

They must arrive clean and tidy, and must hang up their hats and coats in the cloakroom, where each one has his tooth-brush and towel, both marked with some picture—a bird, a beast, or a flower.

Shy Parents Convinced

Then they lay the table for breakfast and sit down and enjoy it and clear away. Lessons follow throughout the morning, then dinner, when they take turns to wait at table and serve out the food, doing it extremely well, though they may be only four years old. After they have cleared away there is a time for sleep, a time for play, tea-time, and at five o'clock their parents come to take them home again.

These Homes are due to the loving devotion of Mademoiselle Vajkai, head of the Hungarian branch of the Save-the-Children International Union.

Parents were rather shy of them at first, but they soon found that children who knew how to set tables and clear them away, who had learned to be neat and orderly, and who had been kept happily occupied throughout the day, were much nicer than those who had not.

In Newcastle and North Shields

Hungary is not the only country where such homes may be found, however, for we have them too, set up specially for unemployed families. Just a year ago two such nursery schools were opened in Newcastle and North Shields, and much the same programme is followed. Particularly interesting is the way in which they came into being. In North Shields it was the young men of a Bible Class whose kind hearts set them about the job of building and a girls class who found the equipment. In Byker, a crowded area of Newcastle, it was an unemployed men's club associated with the Presbyterians that was willing to do the work—not easy work, for it included a deep excavation across a street which had to be guarded throughout cold frosty nights by watchmen who gave their services freely. Gardens, too, were made by unemployed men, who brought soil to the sites, laid out the turf, and made a wilderness blossom like a rose.

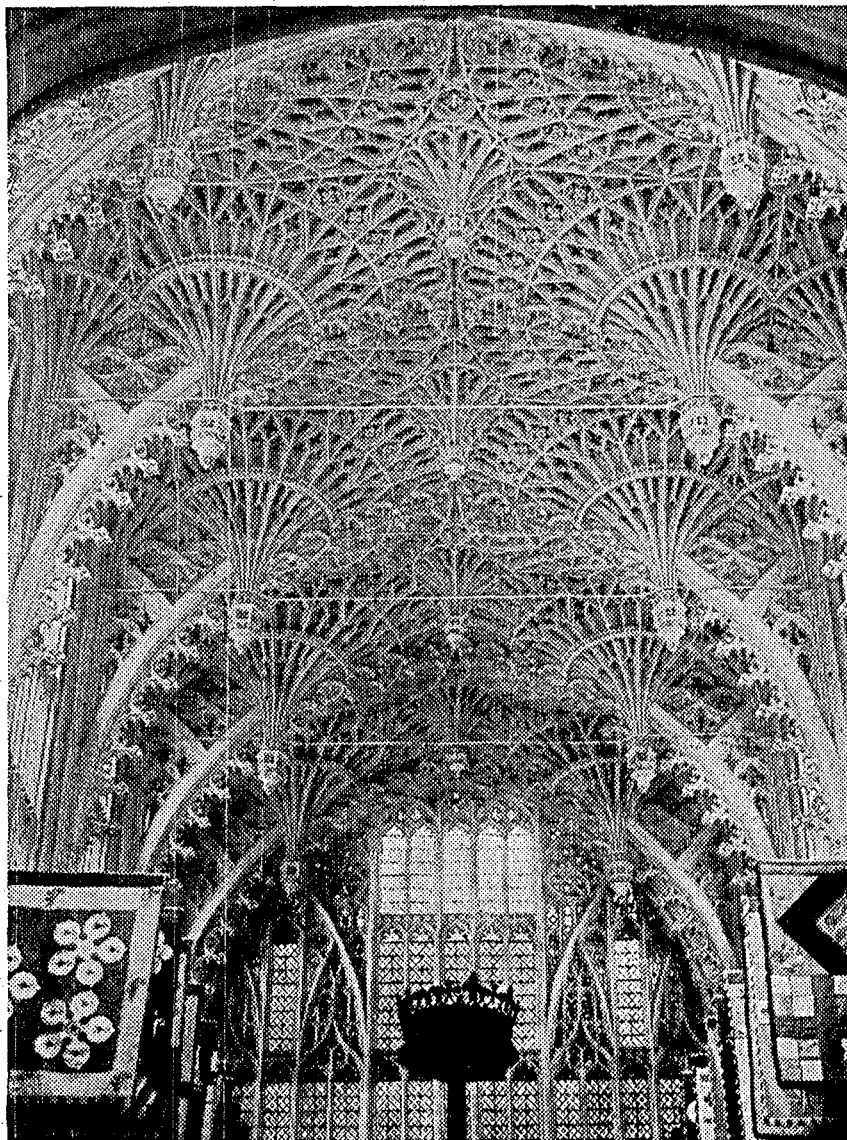
NEW WAY TO PAY OLD TAXES With Pick and Shovel

Nearly 2000 property owners in Rock Island County, Illinois, have worked out their rates and taxes by making 18 miles of new road.

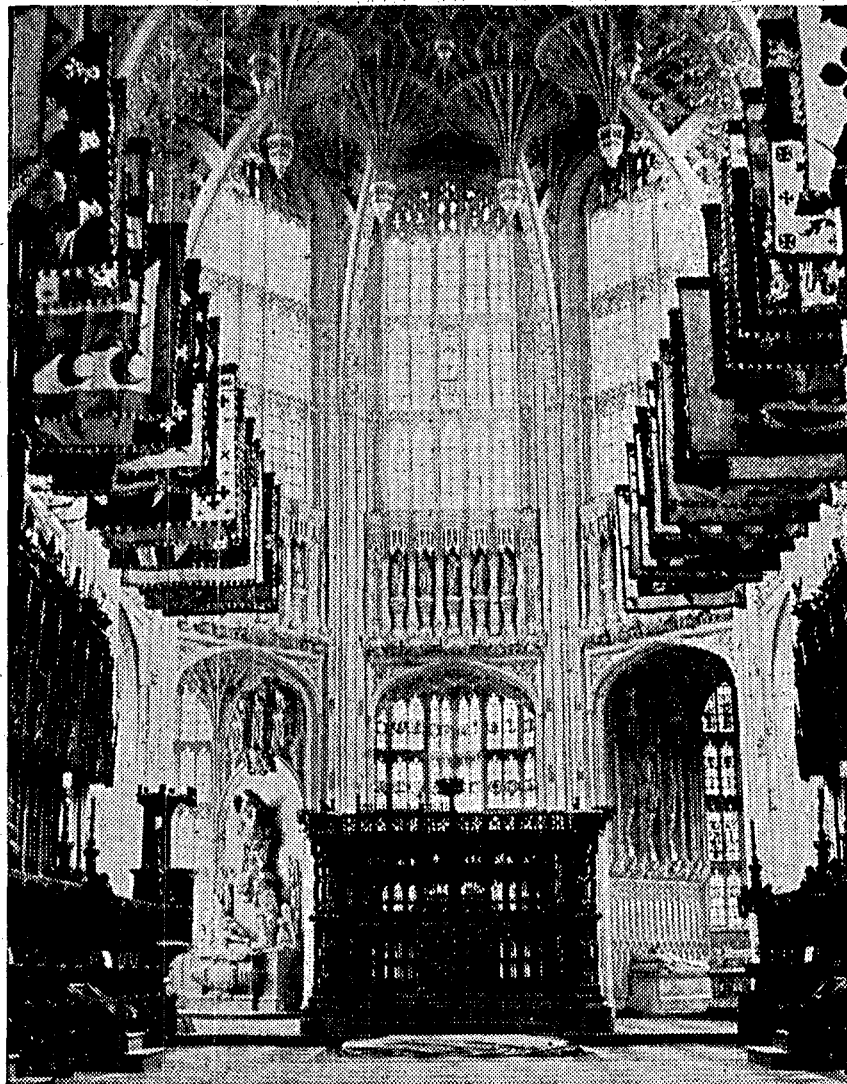
The work was first offered to men on relief and they refused it; whereupon property owners behind with their taxes leaped at the chance. They were paid at the rate of 16s a day, 4s of which they received in cash, the remainder being credited to their tax accounts.

Some who owed for water and gas were allowed to pay in the same way. Altogether an indebtedness of £17,500 was cleared by day labour. This is an application of the principle the CN has for so long proclaimed—pay men to get needed work done instead of giving them a dole which undermines both their initiative and their self-respect.

THE GLORY OF THE ABBEY



The fan-tracery roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel as it appears now.



The restoration work in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey is almost complete, and the Chapel will be reopened early next month. As a Jubilee thankoffering the members of the Order of the Bath are reconstructing the beautiful High Altar made four centuries ago by Torriglano, the Florentine sculptor.

A GALLANT COMPANY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE FAMOUS FOLK OF OUR TIME

The National Portrait Gallery's
Jubilee Group

A ROOM TO VISIT

From the walls in one of the new rooms of the National Portrait Gallery look down the faces of men and women who, in the King's reign, left a name behind them.

Not all are here who will be long remembered, but what most strikes us is that, though the war seems the most tremendous occurrence in these 25 years, the soldiers are far outnumbered. When we look on these portraits it seems that war was far less important than other fields of human endeavour.

The soldiers are three—Lord Roberts as he looked to G. F. Watts before the century began; Lord Kitchener painted by Charles Horsfall, a youthful-looking portrait; and Lord Ypres, who had ceased to be Sir John French when John Sargent painted him after the war.

Statesmen and Politicians

Among the statesmen and politicians the best portrait is that of Mr Asquith, painted by André Cluysenaar, who has captured to admiration the bluff, shrewd face of the great Yorkshireman who led the nation as it went into the Great War; here are his sagacious eyes and forehead. Next to him we might place Mr de Laszlo's Lord Haldane, though we feel that the weighty thoughtfulness of the face is lost.

Then comes Lord Milner as Hugh Glazebrook saw him just after he had made the Peace of Vereeniging with the Boers, laying the foundations of a united South Africa by a great act of Liberalism; and after him comes a company whose place in the story of Britain the future will judge better than we can now: the Marquess of Lansdowne (rather overpowered by the feathered hat of the Order of the Garter), Lord Balfour, Lord Curzon, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Bryce, and (a rather faint sketch) Mr Bonar Law. Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, has an honoured place among them. Just by him is the imperious head of a man who was not often in the public eye, but was one of the greatest lawyers of our time, Lord Sumner, who died only last year.

First Atlantic Flight

These were all well-graced actors on the stage of public affairs who had their meed of applause while they lived. We can place with them two to whom death gave the highest honour, Scott and Shackleton. There is an explorer of another kind who won fame in a day and whose portrait here will surprise some people; it is that of Sir John Alcock, who made the first direct flight across the Atlantic.

Here is Mrs Pankhurst, who led the Suffragettes; and here, too, are Keir Hardie, with a lined face of transparent honesty and sincerity, and the rugged Henry Hyndman, Father of English Socialism.

Painters, musicians, writers, dramatists, are here also: a sketch of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, Sir Arthur Pinero, Henry James (who became an English citizen because he loved this land of decent and dauntless people, as he called us), Joseph Conrad (the Pole who loved to be one of us), Sir Edward Elgar, Thomas Hardy, Rupert Brooke, and Sir Edmund Gosse.

We are a little surprised to find only two scientific men, William Bateson and Sir James Dewar. William Orpen, who painted a number of these people, is otherwise remembered by his portrait of himself; and among all this galaxy of talent is one who had a genius for saintliness, Bishop Gore.

LET US GO TO THE MUSEUM

London's New Guide Book

Into the London kinemas three million people pour every week. The average attendance at London's national museums and galleries in the same time hardly exceeds a hundred thousand.

The attractions are not the same, but when we think of the difference in numbers we cannot help but think it partly due to ignorance of the marvels which London's treasure houses so freely display. In no city of the world are there gathered together masterpieces of art and craftsmanship, of science and industry, so varied and so rich.

An important step toward remedying this ignorance has been taken by the publication through the Stationery Office of a Brief Guide to the National Museums and Galleries of London. It has been put together in accordance with the recommendation of the Standing Commission on Museums and Galleries. It is the best sixpennyworth of any catalogue of any museum.

The photographs are excellent, the printing and paper are as good, and no gallery or museum could complain that it has not been treated as well as another. The Tate Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the London Museum, the Public Record Office, the Natural History Museum, the Science Museum, Kew Gardens, even the Home Office Industrial Museum (which few Londoners know), and the new Geological Museum (not yet opened) are all reviewed, examined, and illustrated.

The Guide concludes with street plans showing how to get to these places; it seems to have forgotten nothing.

BBC AT SCHOOL

Next Week's Talks

Here are notes on some of the talks to be broadcast to schools next week from the National Transmitter.

Monday

2.5. Science and Gardening: The World the Plant lives in, by Dr B. A. Keen.

2.30. In the World History Series, Professor Eileen Power will describe the changes in Europe during the later Middle Ages.

Tuesday

11.30. Regional Geography: Professor C. D. Forde will talk about the Indian cultivators of the Colorado Plateaus.

2.5. Nature Study: Mr Eric Parker will describe the species of butterflies to be seen in gardens, fields, and woods.

3.35. Talk for Sixth Forms, On Leaving School, by Sir Francis Dyke-Acland.

Wednesday

2.5. British History: The early sheep farmers in Australia and the clippers, or ships, which brought the wool home.

2.30. English Literature: For her talk on Choral Poetry Miss Leila Davies would like her listeners to have with them copies of these poems: Windy Nights, by R. L. Stevenson; Cargoes, by John Masefield; Sweet Content, by Dekker; and an old ballad, A Lyke-Wake Dirge.

Thursday

11.30. Districts of England: Mr H. M. Tomlinson will tell how London came to be founded and how it has grown.

2.5. Commander King-Hall will tell us about the Law Courts and their work.

2.30. How Life is Lived: Professor Mackinnon will describe how flies, bees, and caterpillars help plants by carrying pollen from one flower to another.

Friday

2.5. Travel Talk: Miss Mabel Shaw, the Headmistress of the Livingstone Memorial Girl's School at Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo, will describe the great mine compounds of Katanga and the country round the villages from which labour is recruited for the mines.

THE BLIND OLD MAN WHO GAVE US ANOTHER PLACE TO SEE

There is one more place of pilgrimage within a little ride of London: the old-world village in which Frederick Delius lies.

It is a pathetic story, that of the old blind musician to whom fame came late, who was buried in France last year and has now been laid in a grave at Limpsfield in Surrey. His widow, crossing the Channel with her husband's body, caught pneumonia and was laid in his grave two days after him.

For a long time music lovers will wend their way to the little churchyard at Limpsfield, and we have been to look at this old village. It is one more place for all of us to see, thanks to this blind old man.

WE are not surprised that Limpsfield has gathered many famous folk about it, for it is one of Nature's famous places. Its winding ways, its tiny green, its Little Heath, and its Great Chart make it a pure delight.

Its street is full of lovely timbered houses mixed with homes of red and grey, with the ancient courthouse which is thought to have come from the 13th century. A fine Georgian rectory faces the church, and across the way is a manor house which has a place in history because it was here a widow sent out into the world a book which made a great sensation in its time. By Limpsfield Chart is a house fashioned from the old Salt Box of medieval days, where salt was stored before its distribution, and on the lovely common hereabouts Major Baden-Powell and Colonel Cody used to fly man-lifting kites in the days when men were learning to fly. For centuries famous people have loved to walk among the gorse and heather here.

As for the village street we felt when we called that, with all its charm, it has nothing lovelier than its churchyard, full of sunshine and fine trees and with a rich green carpet from which rise the Norman walls and the Norman tower known to multitudes of Surrey folk.

Here we found a friend from Aberdeen sleeping under a stone from his granite city with a Scotch fir shading his grave, John Arthur Thomson, gallant knight and learned scholar, professor of natural history, and writer of many books. Here sleeps also Florence Barclay, whose Rosary novel has been read all over the world; and in this garden of memories sleep two old ladies who will not be soon forgotten.

Gave Her Life For Strangers

One is Harriet Kennard, who gave her life for strangers. It is a story of the coming of the railway in the 19th century when cholera broke out among the French navvies working here. No one would go near them, but Harriet Kennard could not bear it; she was 83, but she nursed those French navvies till she caught the plague and died.

The other old lady sleeps by the north door with two friends whose home she shared. She is Elizabeth Frances Harley, and we read her story on a sculptured stone carved by one who loved her well. It is one of the most charming stones we have seen in a churchyard, with a scallop shell to show that she was a pilgrim of eternity living in this world for all but a hundred years, and with two child angels guarding a rose, which is here because they took a rose to her every day. She was an old lady greatly loved, and we found a gardener cutting the grass who could not speak of her without a tear.

In a little rock garden close by Sir Arthur Thomson's grave sleeps a young

scientist, killed in an accident, who lies here with his mother, "a brave, wise, and loving woman." On the stone are these words:

For death takes toll

Of beauty, courage, youth,

Of all but truth.

Inside the church sleep a groom of the Chamber to Charles Stuart's wife, the widow of Lord Chesterfield, who created a sensation by publishing her husband's famous letters, and the 13th Baron Elphinstone, who spent much of his life as a Governor in India, and when he died in Limpsfield was given an extraordinary funeral with a procession of Chinese servants in their picturesque costume.

He is a handsome figure in white marble, wearing a chain and badge, a remarkable likeness by Matthew Noble, the Yorkshire sculptor who carved the Dream of Eugene Aram for Tom Hood's grave, and has statues in many of our cities. He made the statue of Lord Derby which faces the Houses of Parliament, that of Sir John Franklin in Waterloo Place, that of Sir James Outram on the Embankment, and the Wellington monument in Manchester.

Set Up By the Normans

The low tower of the church stands rather oddly in the south wall at the east end; it was set up by the Normans. The nave and aisle are 12th century and the chancel 13th. The altar, with a reredos which has 15th-century fragments worked into it, stands between an open arch through which we walk, and a tiny lancet window near the ground, one of the most curious we have seen. Near it on the chancel wall are four peculiar recesses. Let into the wall in the north chapel is a fragment of stone carved with a spray of foliage by a 14th-century mason.

There are small fragments of 16th-century heraldic glass, but the oldest touch of the painter at Limpsfield appears to be the painted rosettes on the splay of two chancel windows. They look rather like stars and are thought to have been here 700 years.

Inside and out Limpsfield draws the pilgrim to it. We found a thorn growing from a sprig of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury. We found a peace memorial with beautiful lettering erected to those who live for evermore "by those who loved them." We found a comic little face between two scallop shells, and a stone with three 18th-century cherubs.

Into all this interest and beauty and history we come through a lychgate which has stood inviting pilgrims here since 1350, before the days of Joan of Arc and Agincourt. It seemed to us like one of the places where Time comes home to sleep.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S SILVER PENNY

A SILVER penny of Wulfred, Archbishop of Canterbury from 805 to 832, has been sold for £2 12s.

In the early days of the Anglo-Saxons bishops and abbots minted their own coinage, and it was not until Athelstan came to the throne in 925 that coins were a royal prerogative. It was the custom, however, to stamp the name of the Mercian king on the reverse of coins struck by Archbishops of Canterbury in the eighth and ninth centuries, though Wulfred did not follow his predecessor's practice, a fact suggesting his power.

His friend Baldred was king of Kent, but the virtual ruler was Cenwulf, King of Mercia, who, regarding the archbishop's power as dangerous to his supremacy, seized his monasteries in Reculver and Minster and made false charges against him to the Pope.

The Pope took the part of Wulfred, whereupon Cenwulf summoned a Witenagemot and declared that if Wulfred would not submit he would banish him, whereupon Wulfred submitted, and for the rest of his life was on good terms with the Mercian kings.

WHAT A POOR TOWN COULD HAVE DONE And What It Did With £600,000

A recent survey carried on in the poor borough of Bermondsey shows that last year the sum of £648,500 was spent in the public-houses there.

Such expenditure as this brings unhappiness, shattered lives, and bad health to the children, for we are all better without alcohol.

This money spent wisely would have given the following things to the people and brought prosperity to many trades.

10,000 pairs of blankets...	£10,000
10,000 tons of coal...	£24,000
10,000 men's suits...	£30,000
10,000 women's costumes...	£21,000
20,000 boy's suits...	£30,000
20,000 girl's costumes...	£20,000
20,000 pairs of boy's boots...	£10,000
20,000 pairs of girl's boots...	£10,000
10,000 suits of furniture...	£100,000
10,000 quarts of milk daily...	£106,000
10,000 regular supplies of fruit and vegetables...	£130,000
10,000 holidays at £12...	£120,000

And then there would be about £37,000 left over for fun.

A BOY'S BOOK FOR BOYS

Tales of Royal Beasts

Beasts Royal. By Patrick Russ. Putnam, 5s.

This remarkable volume of animal stories is the work of a boy author.

Patrick Russ was only 15 when he published his first book. Now he is 19 and writes as with experience; in fact, these stories are some of the best and most convincing we have read since the Jungle Books. But the author is no imitator of Kipling and has a simple and forcible style of his own.

Older children will delight in the stories, although some of the adventures are too hair-raising for their younger brothers and sisters. The author has the rare gift of telling a story well, and his knowledge of animals and birds and wonderful power of observation, especially of their movements, heighten the effect. He has been lucky in finding a sympathetic illustrator, C. F. Tunnicliffe, whose beautiful pictures have brought the stories even more to life.

FOREST TREES FOR DESOLATE LANDS

The Forestry Commission is making experiments in planting foreign trees in districts where afforestation has never before seemed possible, and it is hoped that verdant forests may soon cover many acres of desolate land.

In the peaty soil of the west of Scotland the fast-growing Oregon alder is to be planted. If it thrives the ground will be prepared for future forests of more marketable timber.

New ideas are continually being considered. Two American species have already been planted in small plots. One of these, the Thuja (a tree something like the cypress), is in great demand for railway sleepers, shingles, and telegraph poles. The other is the Western hemlock, which is fairly fast growing, and is widely used on the other side of the Atlantic by carpenters and builders.

THE STAGS CROSS THE RIVER

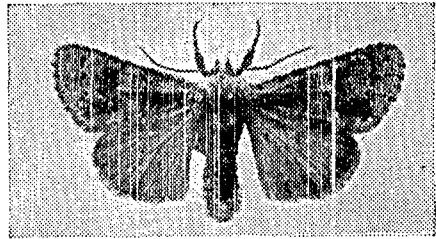
This odd story of wild life reaches us from a correspondent.

A number of stags arrived at a river which they could only cross by swimming.

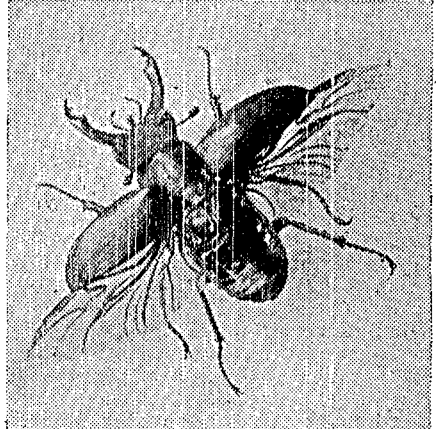
They entered the water in Indian file, and each one except the leader rested its head on the flank of the stag in front. Thus the weight of the horns was taken off the head and borne by the other stag.

When the leader became exhausted he gave up his position and went to the rear of the file, and this process continued until the stags reached the opposite bank.

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



The scarce dagger moth is on the wing.



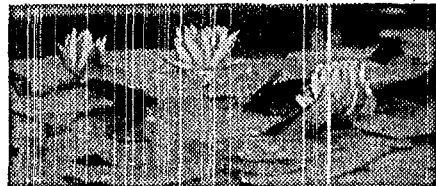
Stag-beetles are on the wing at dusk, a sure sign of the approach of midsummer



The bright blue flowers of the brooklime are now seen in brooks and ditches



The purple flowering heads of self-heal now make their appearance



The beautiful flowers of the white water-lily are now expanding



Young toads are finding all their four legs and are beginning to leave the ponds



Recently-hatched terns may sometimes be seen among the shingle on beaches



The cream-coloured, purple-veined flowers of the henbane are out

FORERUNNER OF THE NAZI PAGANS

GERMANY COPIES MADAGASCAR

The Great Persecution Which Began a Century Ago

A QUEEN WHO WOULD STAMP OUT CHRISTIANITY

The bitter persecution of Christians in Germany reminds us that this is the centenary of another attempt to stamp out Christianity in the name of a people.

It was Madagascar which tried it before; the Hitler Nazis are copying Queen Ranavalona, and it is interesting to recall the story.

One day in 1835 Ranavalona, Queen of Madagascar, addressed her people in her capital, Antananarivo. There is on the west of the city a vast plain used today for athletic contests, and on that plain the queen held a Kabary, or mass-meeting.

It was her Christian subjects who were the cause of the assembly. They were few, but their numbers were growing. The queen had heard that they served another king, one Jesus, and she believed there could not be two rulers in Madagascar.

Brave Welshmen

Some brave Welshmen had brought the Christian message to the island. David Jones and Thomas Bevan had landed in 1818. To this day the Welsh look upon Madagascar as a kind of adopted island, and every Welsh boy knows the names of David Jones, David Griffiths, and others who were to Madagascar what St Columba and St Augustine were to our own islands.

The king and his successor had welcomed the white men because of their learning, but when Ranavalona came to the throne in 1828 she determined to crush the Christians. She told the missionaries to leave the country, but one of them hastily made her two bars of soap, and this new and attractive industry gained for the Church a few years more of peace. But by 1835 the queen was really alarmed, so everyone was ordered to the Kabary.

The Queen's Anger

We can picture the fear in the hearts of the Christians, who did not know much of their new religion, but knew that the queen was angry with them. In a tense atmosphere, amid martial display, the Decree was read. It told how the queen detested the new religion which foreigners had brought. Were not the gods of their fathers good enough for her people? The Christians were to accuse themselves within a month and promise no longer to follow the new faith.

Speech after speech was made by the obsequious chiefs, who told the queen they would serve her alone and would be ready to punish all who did not submit. The assembly lasted till sundown. Then the little companies of Christians went home, some to meet in their churches to read the Bible and pray together. Some, of course, obeyed the queen, but many said they could not deny their Lord.

The Great Persecution

So began the Great Persecution. The missionaries were expelled, and the Christians fled into hiding in the hills and in the forests. Some were sold into slavery.

The first martyr was Rasalama, who was speared to death in 1837. Others were burned, or thrown from the Rock of Hurling. But some remained in hiding for years, able to keep their faith alive because they had the Bible in their own language. The missionaries had raced to complete a translation of the Bible, and in June of 1835, just before they left, it was finished. They buried about 70 copies in hiding-

THE GOOD DEED SHINES

A Jamboree in Memory of an Unknown Scout

How far a little candle throws its beams!

A great Jamboree is to be held at Washington in August in memory of an unknown London Scout's good deed 25 years ago. He came to the aid of Mr J. D. Boyce of Chicago, whom he found lost in Fleet Street and at his wit's end to know what to do.

So grateful was the American stranger that he offered a reward for the help he had received, but the boy politely refused, telling him he was a Scout.

So much was Mr Boyce impressed by the boy's conduct that when he went back to America he started the Scout movement there, and the story of the London fog episode will be told as long as there is a Scout left in the United States. He was never able to find out the name of the chivalrous London boy.

Nine years ago the unknown Scout was honoured at Gilwell Park, when the Prince of Wales accepted for the British Scouts a bronze buffalo from the American Ambassador in memory of his kindly action.

THE FOUR PARTIES IN GERMANY

By a French Observer

In a study of the German complex a French writer distinguishes four main currents of opinion in the Fatherland. It seems that his view is worth considering.

First there is the opinion of the party which, believing that Germany is mistress of the air, advocates war by a surprise attack by aerial bombs, relying on the effect of terror.

Secondly there is that of the Reichswehr, equally prepared for war, but not convinced that the nation is yet ready.

Thirdly there are the economists who would rather see an entente with other Powers than once again see the world united against the Reich.

Fourthly there are the German masses. They fear rather than desire war. They applauded more than any other that part of Herr Hitler's speech at Nuremberg in which the Führer expressed his desire for peace.

But, adds the French writer, "the masses do not count in Germany; what they think of war or peace is not of the least importance. Intoxicated by propaganda convincing them that they are surrounded by a world of enemies desirous of humiliating their country, however much they may desire peace, they would rise tomorrow at a single bound if ordered to do so by those in authority."

Continued from the previous column

places known to the Christians, who met in little groups to read their while one listened for spies.

One "buried Bible" is a treasure of the Bible Society's headquarters in London. It was kept during those dark days in a cave which had been used as a small-pox hospital. There Rasaka, afterwards a leader of the Church, hid for two years.

No one knows exactly how many martyrs there were, but there must have been over 80. Yet when the persecution ceased with the queen's death in 1861 the Church was far stronger in numbers and character than it had been before. There is still living in Oxford the Rev W. E. Cousins, who went out for the London Missionary Society in 1862, who has talked with those who suffered and can tell of the days when Christians came forth after persecution to find themselves part of a great and courageous Church.

Is it not all a wonderful story for those who are suffering now under the Great Persecution of the Nazis?

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

Made only by

CARR'S

of CARLISLE

7p PER HALF POUND

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If you want the maximum FOOD VALUE

Always ask for

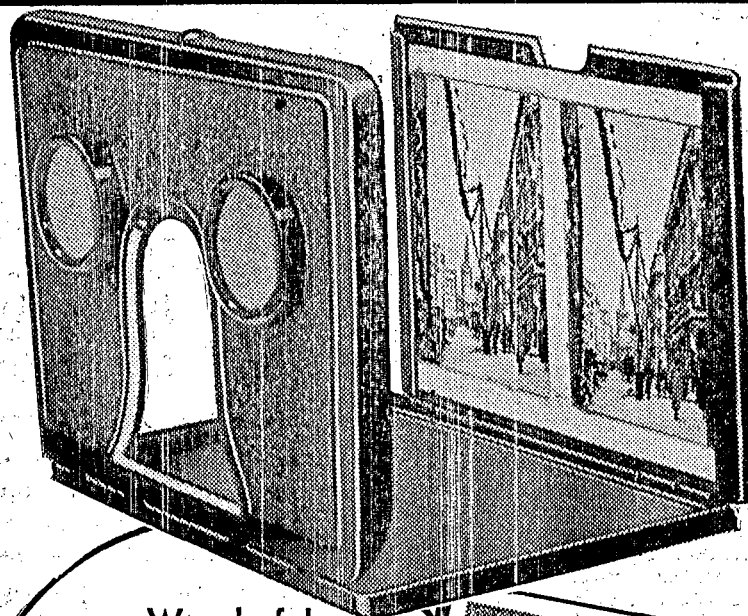
HōVIS

and not just BROWN bread

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

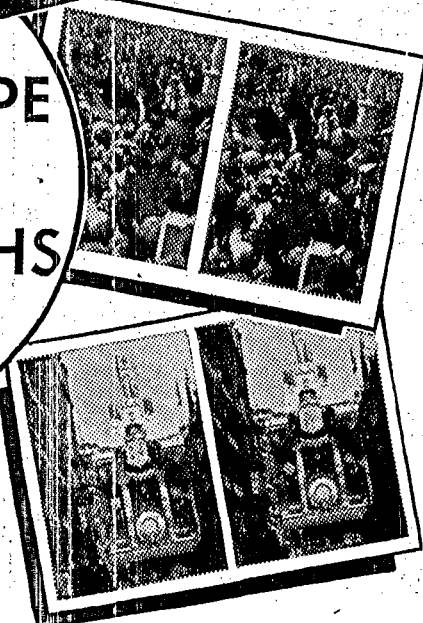
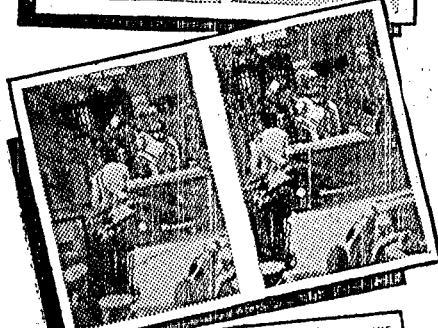
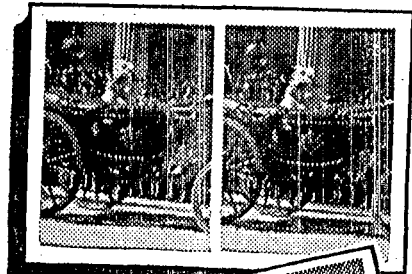
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MERCURY AT HIS NEAREST

The Prospect of Life on the Little World

EVERLASTING DAY AND NIGHT

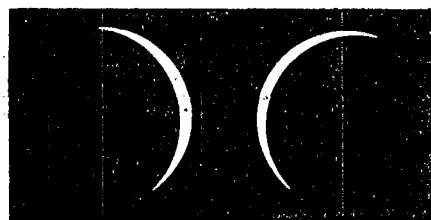
By the C N Astronomer

The planet Mercury will pass between the Earth and the Sun on Friday next, June 21, being then at what astronomers call *inferior conjunction*.

This little world, which has been of so much interest during the past few weeks, will then be at its nearest to us and about 51 million miles away.

During the day Mercury will travel from left to right, and below the Sun at a distance of about eight times the Sun's apparent width. Of course Mercury will be invisible because his dark night side will be presented toward us with the full glare of the Sun beyond.

It is regrettable that Mercury should, like Venus, be invisible just when at his nearest to us. It is otherwise when



Mercury now and in ten days time

we consider the Earth as seen from Mercury, for our world would just now shine over those weird regions of everlasting night and appear very much brighter than Venus does to us at the present time.

Venus is now about 76 million miles away and presenting not much more than half of her disc illuminated, whereas the Earth presents the whole of her disc illuminated toward Mercury, and a disc that is about 50 per cent wider than that of Venus now appears to us.

The radiance of the Earth, together with that of Venus, which would be much brighter as seen from Mercury, would be sufficient to light up the frigid wastes of that planet so as to cast distinct shadows. The Earth would have in addition a companion, the Moon, which would appear about as bright as Mars does to us just now. This companion would be seen to pass periodically from one side to the other of the Earth, but it would never appear more than about 17 minutes of arc, or little more than half the Moon's apparent width, away.

Mercury is shown in the accompanying picture as he appears at present, a slender crescent facing right, also facing the reverse as he will appear in about ten days time when he will have passed to the west of the Sun. Mercury will soon be visible in the early morning sky, appearing low in the east, where the ancients used to regard him as a separate planet under the name of Apollo.

If Water Existed

Of great interest is the problem of whether life exists on this little world, which is only 3100 miles in diameter and possesses a surface of only about 15 per cent that of the Earth, for apart from the presence of an atmosphere another essential would be water. If this existed life might even flourish on Mercury, though certainly not on its scorched and everlastingly sunlit side, where heat of about 350 degrees Centigrade, or about the temperature of molten lead, is maintained. Nevertheless this is the side where large areas are seen to be occasionally veiled in cloud or hot vapours.

On the dark side of perpetual night a vastly different state of things exists. There its otherwise frigid conditions may be tempered by a continuous inflow of those hot vapours or winds which

MOK AND MOINA THE TABLES TURNED

Matthew the Emu Has a Disappointment

GEORGE FROM KENYA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Mok and Moina, the Zoo's gorillas, are to have a weighing-machine in their home.

The rope on which they swing will be attached to the weighing-machine, so that whenever one of the apes begins to climb or swing its weight will be registered on a dial, and any onlooker will know how much the animal weighs.

In August Mok and Moina will have completed three years in the Gardens. During the last few months Mok has grown taller by some four or five inches and he is now almost as tall as Moina. She is more broadly built than Mok, and is, therefore, the more powerful animal. Formerly she robbed Mok of his food and chased him about without risk of retaliation, but Mok has developed a healthy appetite, and if Moina tries to steal from him he resists her. Moreover, instead of allowing Moina to chase him about he now chases her, and so Moina is regarding him with more respect.

In addition to their ordinary rations of food—vegetables, fish, and chicken—the gorillas have started to have a little meat, and both show keen appreciation when they are handed a piece of steak.

Interesting Newcomer

An interesting newcomer is in the Giraffe House. He is George, a giraffe from Kenya. Owing to the difficulties of transporting large giraffes those acquired from abroad are usually young specimens aged about eighteen months and some 10 or 11 feet high. But this year the Zoo imported a pair of giraffes 14 feet high, and one of them, George, travelled comfortably and is now safe and sound in his quarters. Unfortunately his companion caught pneumonia and died at sea.

Matthew the Emu has had a disappointment. After he had sat on his batch of eggs for eight weeks he heard sounds in one of them, and watched this egg with interest. So did the keeper, and in due course a striped emu chick emerged. As Matthew did nothing but gaze at the chick the keeper rushed away to find a box for the youngster.

On his return he found that Matthew was carefully tucking the chick under his feathers in the approved fashion, and all seemed to be well. But, alas! on the following morning the first baby emu to be hatched in the London Zoo was dead. It was probably not Matthew's fault, for the chick was a weakling. All the other eggs were worthless.

ANY OLD IRON?

Scrap Metal Growing More Precious

Old iron is rising in value. Every day the world is demanding more scrap metal.

New uses for it are constantly being discovered and special factories are being built for dealing with it.

Obsolete British ships are now fetching the highest prices for ten years. In 1933 scrap metal was being sold at 10s a ton gross. Today it fetches £2 10s a ton.

Continued from the previous column

would transform the dark hemisphere. Moreover, there is that belt between the light and dark hemisphere, described in the C N of June 1, where the Sun would alternately rise and set; and there at least life might flourish. On Earth we find highly organised creatures adapted to the dark depths of the ocean and even flourishing in the everlasting darkness of caverns; so, providing the temperature permits, the everlasting night of Mercury, lit periodically by our fair Earth and the other planets, may be quite agreeable to innumerable beings.

G. F. M.

TWO IN A PLANE

A Flying Adventure
In Four Parts

Told by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

David and Terry Latimer, in the far North, have found a gold pocket.

The boys buy a plane to bring home their little fortune. They are filling it with supplies for the journey when they are suddenly set upon and overpowered.

CHAPTER 3 Hungry Valley

DAVE struggled furiously, but he was quite helpless, for his arms were held by the rug. He could only kick. He tried to shout, but the rug smothered him.

"Lie still or you'll get hurt," came a snarling voice that was vaguely familiar. Sharp knees dug into his chest, squeezing the breath from his lungs. His body jerked convulsively, queer colours danced before his eyes, then all went black.

"Dave! Dave!"

Terry's voice was the first thing he heard as he struggled back to consciousness. The rug was gone, but his arms were lashed tightly to his body.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"The brutes!" Terry's voice was hoarse with anger. "They've stolen the Meteor. They've gone off with it. And I'll bet they've stolen your map too."

It was lucky for the boys that Mark came to look for them. If he hadn't they would both have frozen to death in the cruel frost that bound the North that evening. It took the big man a moment only to slash the cords that held them and help them to their feet.

"They've stolen her," said Dave, with bitter briefness.

"Stole her!" Mark's voice was a roar.

"Who stole her?"

"Seth Sutton and Eddy Crann."

"And you let 'em!"

"It wasn't Dave's fault," said Terry sharply. "He was lifting a bag of flour into the plane and Crann, who must have been hiding in the shed there, slipped up behind and chucked an old bearskin over his head. Sutton had me the same time. They'd got it all planned out," he ended savagely.

Mark was as angry as the boys.

"Did they get your map, Dave?"

Dave thrust his hand into his breast pocket. "Yes," he said, with the calmness of despair.

Terry went up to his brother. "You're not going to let those thieves get away with it. They've got our gold and our plane, and they'll have our claim too if we don't stop them."

"How can we stop them?" Dave asked.

"We've still got the old Harland. We'll patch her up somehow. Dave, I'd rather die a dozen times than let those miserable thieves run us."

Terry's eyes were shining. His voice rang with a deadly determination. Something in his mood infected Dave. "You're right," he said curtly. "We'll do it."

Mark gave a sort of roar.

"That's the way to talk, lad. And I'll back you with my last dollar. I'll get one of the mechanics to give you a hand in the morning, and I'll fix you another grub stake. Gosh, I wish I could go along. I reckon Snooper 'ud think a grizzly had grabbed him before I was done with him."

Mark was as good as his word. He got the same two mechanics who had set up the Meteor and whom Sutton had paid and got rid of before the test flight. They shook their heads over the poor old Harland.

"I wouldn't fly her for a farm," the elder said candidly. All the same they worked hard on her and, when they had finished, both agreed she might last out another ten or twelve hours' flying. By midday they had finished and they bundled the stores aboard. The last package was a small one of dynamite for work on the claim.

They were just starting when Mark handed Terry a large old-fashioned pistol. "Carries an ounce of small shot," he told Terry. "Won't kill anyone, but it might come in useful to scare 'em." He paused, then went on. "Good luck to you, sons!"

The roar of the engine drowned his words and the old plane began to skim forward across the snow. She rose at last and climbed doggedly toward her ceiling. Dave was taking no chances. He would fly as high as he dared so that, if the ancient engine failed again, there might be some chance of reaching a possible landing. The last thing Terry saw as he looked back was

Mark waving a large red handkerchief. Then he drew back out of the freezing gale and crouched behind his windscreen.

The mechanics had done their work well; there was no break or falter in the steady roar of the exhaust. As they drove high above the frozen forest Terry was wondering what would happen when they reached their claim. What could two boys do against two men, both desperate, armed?

Dave was still gaining height. Ahead rose the long ridge of Moose Mountain, a desolate mass of granite, beyond which lay that tremendous gorge, the Hungry Valley. There was gold, it was said, in the Skookum Creek, which ran through the bottom of this rift, but the cliffs on either side were so terrifically high and steep that it was impossible to descend them, even with ropes. The story was that, many years ago, a man called Bill Stopford, better known as Skookum Bill, had taken the chance of running down the flooded creek in a canoe and had managed to reach the bottom of the gorge in safety. He had been seen busy digging by a trapper from the heights above and had held up a heavy bag, signalling that he was getting plenty of dust. That was the last ever seen of him alive or dead.

The air was bumpy over the great ridge and the old plane tossed like a ship in a storm. Terry looked down and shivered a little. If anything happened here they had, as Mark would have said, about as much chance as a celluloid cat in a furnace. They crossed the ridge and the Hungry Valley opened beneath them. Terry caught his breath. From the summit of the almost perpendicular cliffs to the frozen creek at the bottom was a sheer drop of more than half a mile.

The pale sun, now almost at the zenith, flung its rays into the depths of the chasm, and suddenly Terry caught sight of something at the bottom—something lying on the thin thread of white which was the frozen river and, beside it, two dots that danced and waved. "Dave! Dave!" he shouted. "Look down! A plane on the ice. It's the Meteor!"

CHAPTER 4 The Second Time

DAVE checked the speed of the old plane and set her round in a curve. He glanced downward over the rim of the cockpit. "The Meteor," he repeated hoarsely. "You're right, Terry. What luck! They're trapped," he continued exultantly. "They'll never get out to worry us again."

"But you can't leave them, Dave," Terry answered. "They'll starve."

"Starve! They've plenty of grub."

"But that won't last, and they can't get out."

"Let 'em stay. Do them good. They'll have time to think of how they robbed and swindled us."

Terry drew a long breath. "Dave, you can't do it," he said firmly. "I know they're a couple of blackguards, but they don't deserve death and that's what you're sentencing them to."

Dave grew angry.

"What do you want to do, go down there and wreck this plane and stay and starve with them?" As he spoke he was circling over the gorge and the two men below were still waving wildly.

"No need to wreck the plane. We can land on the ice."

"And suppose we do—what then?" Dave retorted harshly.

"You take them up, one at a time. You can dump them on the creek ice below the gorge and they can walk back to Circle City. They can do it in three days."

"And the odds are I'll bust up the old bus in doing it," snapped Dave. "And then I suppose we too shall have to walk the rest of the way."

"I don't believe you'll smash her up, and, even if you did, I'd sooner walk from here to Vancouver than go on feeling that I'd left two men to die."

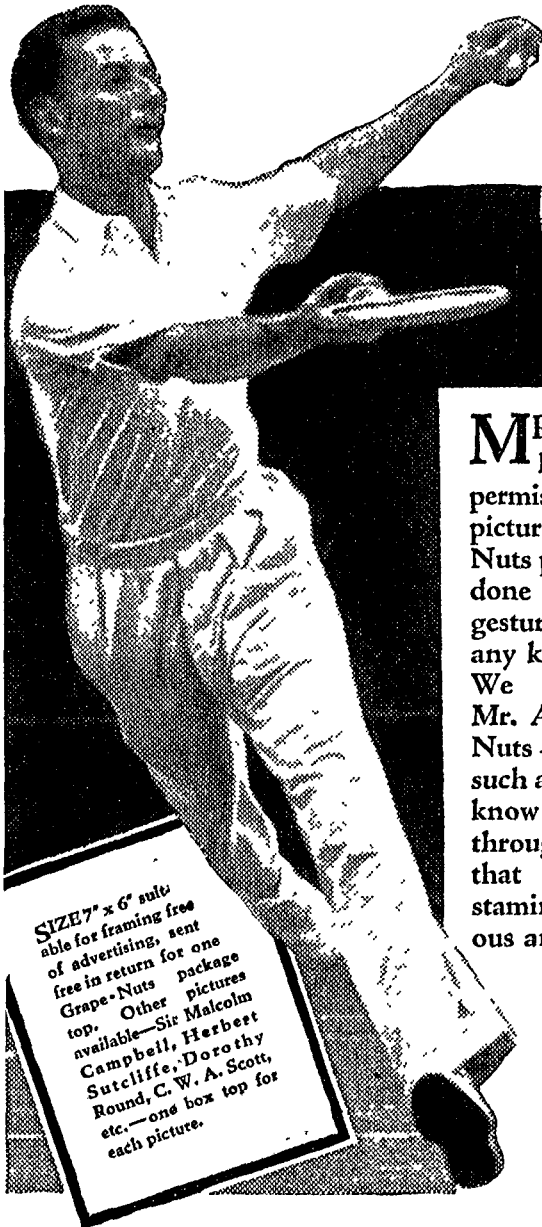
Terry's firmness had its effect. It was an odd thing that, although Terry was so much younger than his brother, he had by far the stronger character. Dave was a fine pilot, and, for his age, a good man of business, but Terry was boss when it came to a pinch.

"All right," Dave's voice was sulky. "I suppose we must try it. But if we come to smash don't blame me."

"I won't," Terry answered quietly; then

Continued on the next page

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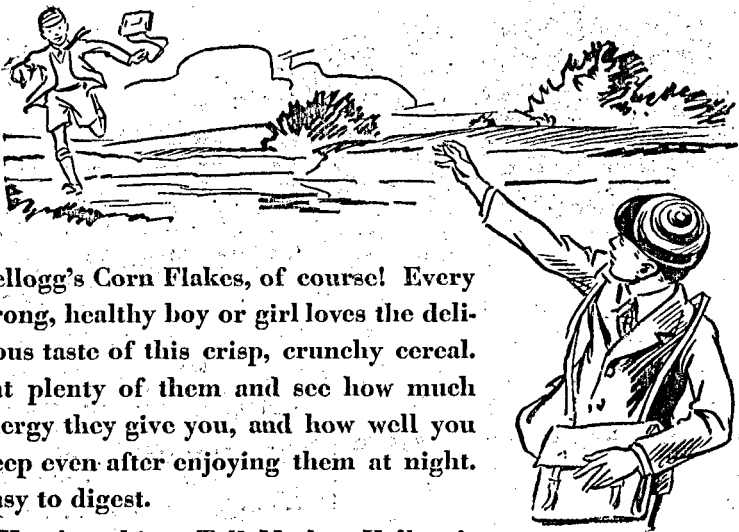
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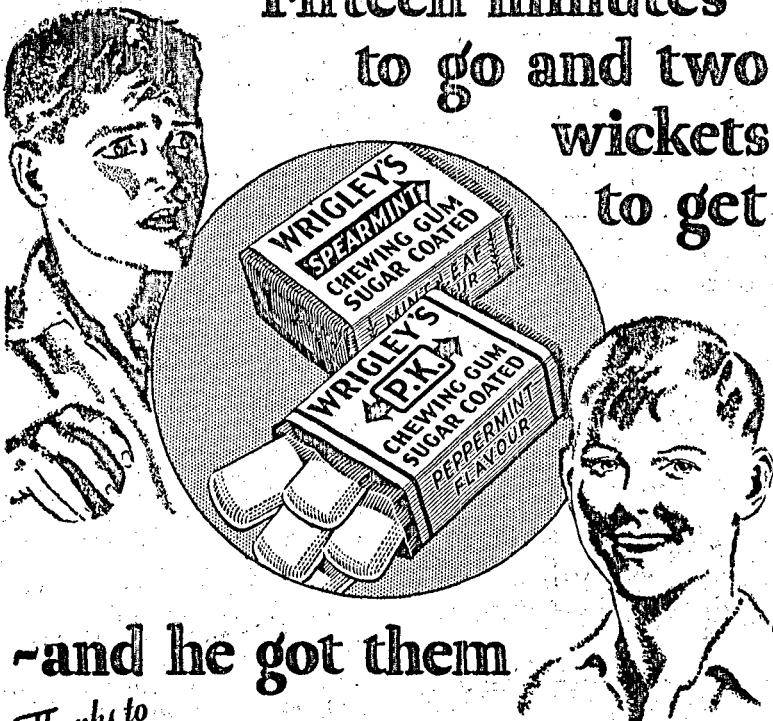
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Continued from page 13

Dave cut out the engine and began to plane down into the depths. The air was bad and Dave had his work cut out to keep his old machine on anything like an even keel. The top of the rift was perhaps a mile wide but at the bottom the width was not 200 yards; of which 50 were occupied by the frozen stream. As they got near it the ice, which from above had looked smooth as a floor, was seen to be fearfully rough. They could plainly see the hummock on which the Meteor had come to grief. There was no room to turn, and Dave was forced to switch on and fly some distance down the creek. He couldn't go far for, only a little way farther down, the valley narrowed to a gorge less than 30 yards wide.

"I'll have to chance it," he muttered. Terry saw his face whiten as he spoke and he himself held his breath, fully expecting a crash. The skis touched the surface, the plane bumped horribly and for an ugly instant the brothers thought she would nose over. Both sighed with relief as she came to rest. Dave climbed out and looked round.

"And I've got to do this twice more," he said grimly. "No, three times, for I'll have to come back to fetch you, Terry. They're coming," Dave went on. "Better have your pistol ready."

Sutton did not hesitate. He came up to Dave. "Latimer," he said, is it any use saying I'm ashamed of myself?"

"Not a bit," returned Dave sharply.

Sutton flushed. "I deserve that," he said. "It was a dirty trick I played you and now you're returning good for evil. I know you and your brother risked your plane and your lives to get down here. Will she take us out again?"

"That remains to be seen," replied Dave in the same dry tone. "One of her skis is bent and I'll have to straighten it before she'll take off. Is the Meteor smashed?"

"Her engine's all right but her under-carriage is bust to bits."

"What possessed you to come down here?" demanded Dave.

"Crann said there was gold here—left by a chap he calls Skookum Bill. The ice looked all right from above. It wasn't till I got too far to turn back that I saw how rough it was."

"That's where the gold is," said Dave dryly, pointing to the river. "Let's have a look at the Meteor."

He and Terry walked toward it. Sutton

walked on his other side and Crann tagged along behind. Dave was not going to speak to Crann. He was certain it was Crann who had put Sutton up to stealing the Meteor.

One look at the Meteor was enough. She could never fly again until she had new skis. And that was a workshop job. They went back to the old Harland. One of the runners was badly bent but that could be put right. Dave, Sutton, and Terry set to work at once. Sutton told Crann to go and cook a meal.

The job took longer than they had reckoned, and when it was finished it was within an hour of sunset. Dave spoke aside to Terry. "I might take one up before dark but not more. What about it?"

"Wait till morning," Terry said. "It means spending the night with these two fellows."

"It won't pay them to try anything," Terry answered. "They depend on you to fly them out."

Dave nodded. "All right. But I'm not camping with them. We'll sleep by our plane."

It was not nearly so cold down here in this valley as it had been at Circle City. For one thing it was out of the wind, for another there were warm springs. There was one quite close to the spot where the Latimer's plane lay and the vapour from it hung like a cloud in the still air. There was plenty of brushwood and the boys cooked a good supper, then got into their sleeping-bags.

"I'm not taking any chances," Dave said. "We'll watch and sleep turn and turn about. I'll take first watch."

"Right you are," Terry answered, and, resolutely refusing to think of the coming ordeal, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

What woke him was a deep roaring sound. An aeroplane engine. He opened his eyes and, to his utter amazement, it was daylight. He tried to spring up, only to discover that he could not move. He was tied with ropes, one round his arms and body, the other fastening his ankles. From where he lay he could see the Harland on the ice immediately in front of him. A man was in the pilot's seat and it was not Dave. It was Seth Sutton. Another man was in the act of removing the chocks from under her wheels. That was Crann.

"Dave!" yelled Terry. "They're stealing our plane."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO WASTES NO TIME

ONE afternoon Jacko was cycling in the country when he noticed smoke coming from the back of a house standing in a field. As he stood looking big flames shot up; and the smoke got thicker.

"Crikey!" he exclaimed. "There's a house on fire. I'll dash off for help."

He rushed to the nearest telephone-box, but in his excitement he muddled up the dialling and couldn't get through

"But I can show you if you'll take me with you," he added eagerly.

Jacko jumped on the engine and was soon having an exciting ride.

All the way along his thoughts were busy. He was happily picturing the Mayor pinning a medal on his coat for smartness when a fireman nudged him.

"Wake up, boy!" he shouted. "There's smoke at the back of that house over there. Is that it?"



Jacko was having an exciting ride

to the fire station. "Better look slipper and go there myself," he muttered, jumping on his bicycle.

He pedalled along at top speed, and at last reached the Monkeyville Fire Station.

"Quick!" he yelled to a man who was polishing his helmet. "There's a house on fire not far away. Hurry up!"

The fireman blew a whistle, and men were soon busy getting the engine out.

"Now then, youngster, where's that fire?" they asked.

"I—I don't know exactly," stammered Jacko, looking rather blank.

"Yes!" cried Jacko, springing up so quickly that he nearly fell off. When the engine slowed down he jumped off and ran across the fields, with the men dragging a hosepipe after him.

Suddenly Jacko stopped and stared. He pulled up so sharply that the men bumped into him.

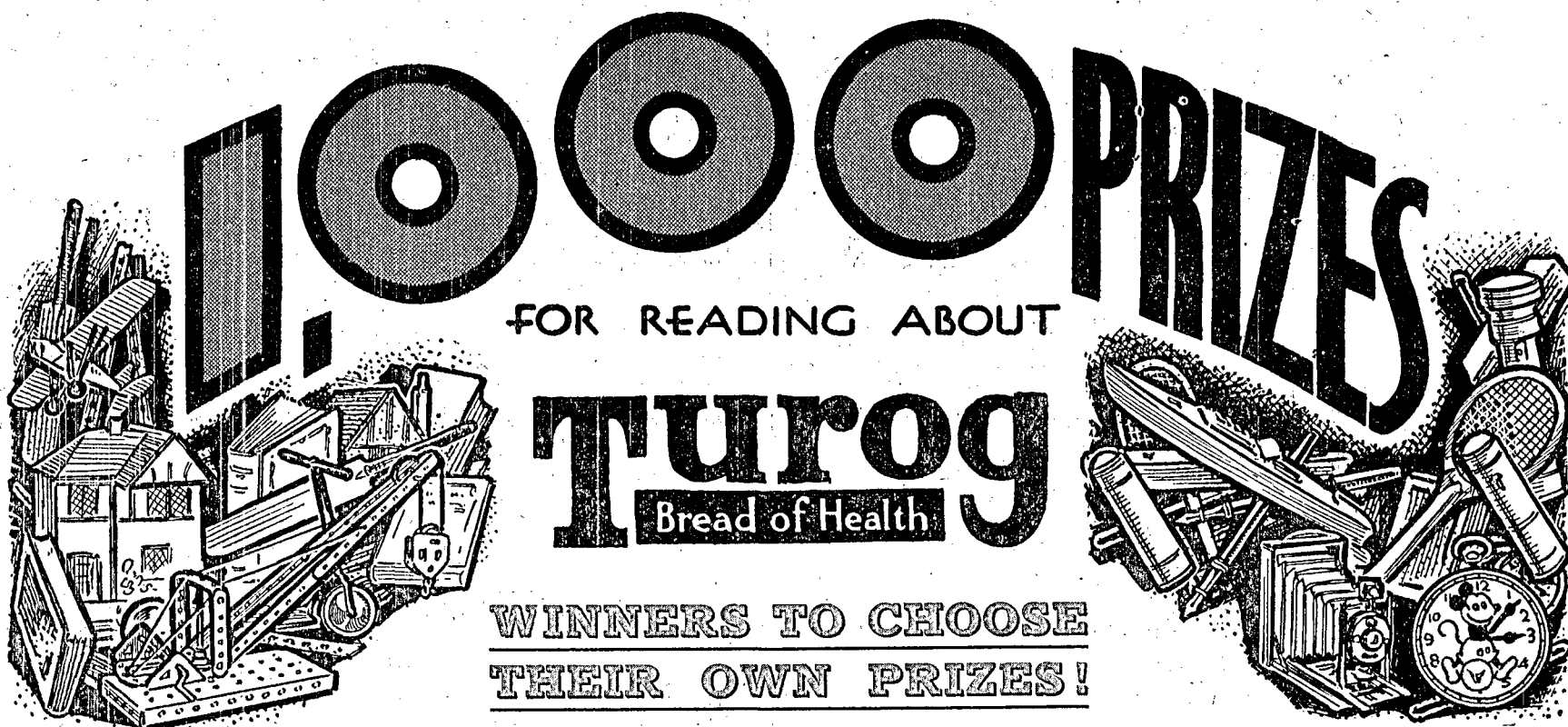
"Horrors!" he murmured, hardly believing his eyes. "It's only a bonfire, after all!"

"What!" shouted the men. "You've brought us here to put out a bonfire!"

But Jacko, expecting what was coming, had disappeared.



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Now read on, and as you come to each other picture, write the word you think it stands for, in the numbered space on the form. And write your answers very neatly, because handwriting and neatness are to be taken into account in the competition.

The entry must be made out in ink. Add your full name, address and age, then post it to the address below, together with the paper band off a TUROG Loaf (or a TUROG Flour coupon).

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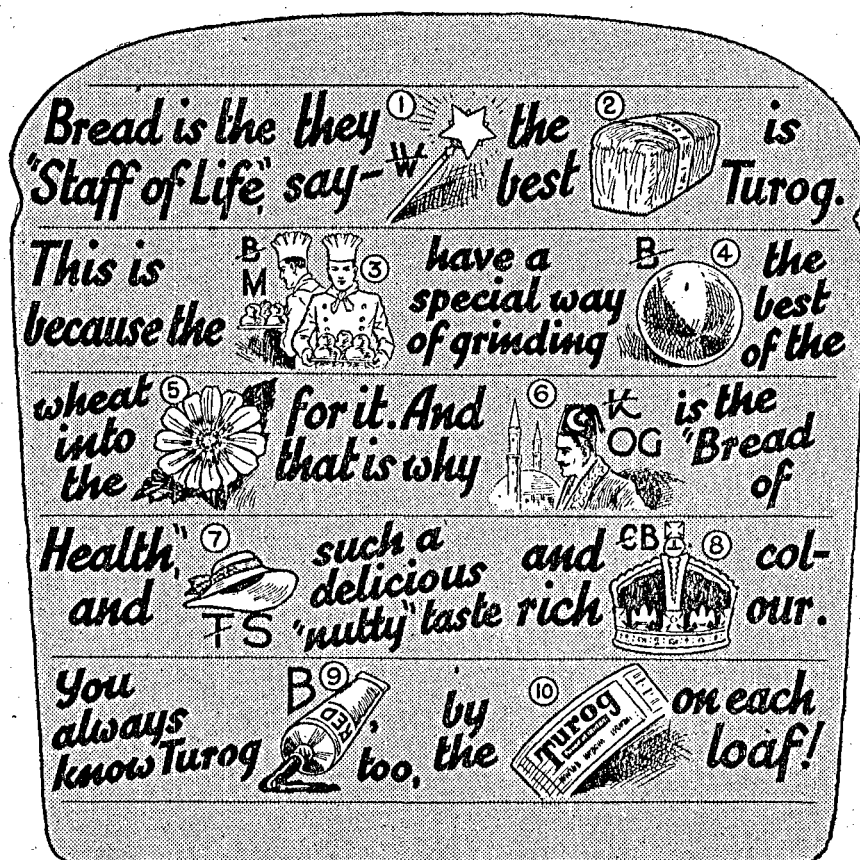
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Address.....

☒ A TUROG Bread Band (or TUROG Flour Coupon) must be sent with each entry!



Rules.—50 FIRST PRIZES (consisting of 10/- "Meccano" Sets, Folding Cameras, "Mickey Mouse" Watches, Dolls' Houses, Tennis Rackets, Cricket Bats and Model Speed Boats) will be given; 200 SECOND PRIZES (Model Aeroplanes, Snapshot Cameras, 6/- Books, Table Tennis Sets, Stencil Sets, Jig-Saw Puzzles, etc.); and 750 CONSOLATION PRIZES (Fountain-pens, 3/6d. Books, Games, Electric Torches, etc.)—to be awarded in order of merit for the entries which are correct (or most nearly so) and the best written according to age. The prize-list will be divided up proportionately to the number of entries from each age.

Entries may be sent on coupons (as here) or on plain paper, but a TUROG Bread Band or Flour Coupon must be enclosed with each. Late entries will be disqualified, and no responsibility will be taken for any lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence allowed. The decision of Spillers Limited will be final. Employees (or their families) not allowed to compete.

After the adjudication, winners will be written to and asked to choose their prizes from the list as above.

Post your entry (with the TUROG Bread Band or TUROG Flour Coupon) in a properly stamped (1½d.) envelope to:

TUROG PUZZLE,
Spillers Limited,
40, St. Mary Axe,
London, E.C.3.

EASY Competition for ALL. Closing Date - MONDAY, July 1st

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 15, 1935

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

One Hundred

THE manufacturer's traveller had called on Mrs Wiggins, who kept the village sweet-shop, and he quoted these prices for the goods she ordered: Boxes of chocolates at 10d; tins of toffee at 8d; bars of chocolate at 1d; and toffee-apples at 1d.

When the goods were delivered Mrs Wiggins found that her bill came to 8s 4d, or 100 pence, and that she had bought exactly 100 articles.

How many of each did she buy?

Answer next week

A Useful Plant

WHAT plant makes money? Try to guess;

This riddle's easy, I confess. Suppose I give you just a hint? It starts with M—why, yes, the Mint!

The Sun Stone

THE huge circular stone which appears on this Mexican stamp is known as the Calendar Stone, or Stone of the Sun. It was originally a part of the walls of an ancient temple in Mexico, and was



found in the seventeenth century. The astronomical and chronological signs carved on its face indicate that it was used by the Aztecs as a sundial and calendar. It is now in the National Museum.

Guarding the Bank

EVER since the Gordon Riots of 1780, when a mob attempted to pillage the Bank of England, the bank has been protected every night by a patrol drawn from the men of the regiments of Foot Guards.

The guard consists of twenty men, two corporals, a sergeant, and an officer. In winter they are on duty from 6 p.m. until 7 a.m.; in summer from 7 p.m. until 6 a.m.

Let On Parle Français



Le volcan volcano Le vautour vulture Le volume volume

Ce volcan n'est pas en éruption. Le vautour est un oiseau de proie. Prêtez-nous le troisième volume.

How Many Can You See?

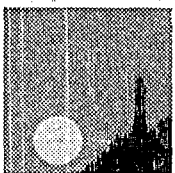


IN this garden scene the artist has drawn a number of garden implements. Some of them, such as the watering-can and the lawn-mower, are plainly visible, but others have been hidden in unexpected places. How many can you find?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Venus is in the West, Mars is in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10.30 p.m. on Sunday, June 16.

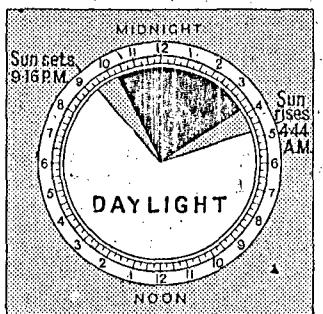


A Word Square

IF six-letter words with the following meanings are written one under the other we get a perfect word square. 1. One who solves. 2. A bird. 3. Part of a door. 4. A kind of offering. 5. A number. 6. To give in.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 15.

Numerical Spelling

YOU who in numbers take delight, Pray tell my name from what I write;

Eleven hundred and one, it's true, You'll find to be exact the clue; If letters four are thus combined, 'Twill bring it clearly to your mind; Oft on hills or plains I'm seen, And actively employed have been; Though large and small, yet still I claim

The power to cut and tear in twain.

Answer next week

Strange Arithmetic

IS it possible to take one away from six and leave nine? Certainly it is. Take one letter (s) away from six and the Roman nine (ix) remains. Try this little problem on your friend.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Four Hens

As the hens miss laying on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days the number of days before they all miss together again will be the lowest common multiple of 4, 5, 6 and 7—420 days.

Beholding Shark, hark, ark.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

MAMMOTH HUMDRUM
ACID EASEL ROME
COD WEB FEEL DBE
ER BAILLIERE RT
NAUGHT SIERRA
EIDEA URSURE O
BERG LAPEL OPEN
BTZEVEN TEAR ME

Dr MERRYMAN

Can You Beat It?

BILL: What is meant by this statement about The City's Pulse?

Jack: Oh, it's just a reference to the policemen's beats, I expect.

A Brave Fellow

THE singer had just finished his solo.

"Perfectly amazing!" remarked a listener.

"I thought his voice rather poor," said his neighbour.

"And so it is; but think of his nerve."

Hope Deferred

HE was an ardent film fan and haunted the entrance gates of the X Y Z Studios.

"Do you think I've a chance of taking a small part in one of your company's productions?" he asked a director whom he recognised.

"Perhaps," was the reply, "I shall not always be director here."

Silence is Golden

RASTUS was in court on some small charge.

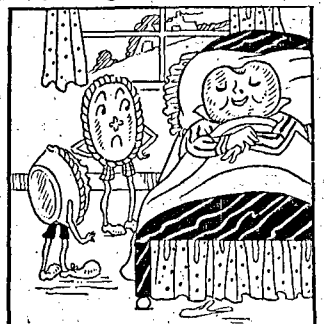
"Guilty or Not Guilty?" demanded the magistrate.

"Guilty, sah," replied Rastus, "an' Ah waives the hearin'."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just dat Ah don't want to heah no more about it."

Rising to the Occasion



YOU are needed at our party, Do get up! said two small Pies.

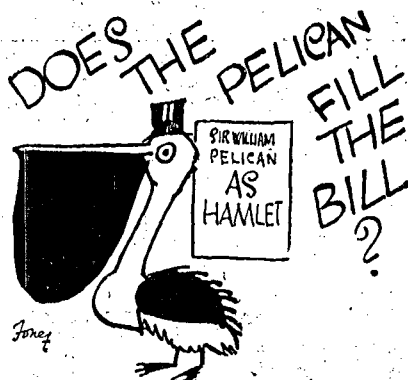
Really, said the lazy Loaf, You cause me no surprise, I was kneaded only yesterday And then I had to rise.

Time No Object

THEY stood, much impressed, in the Cheddar Gorge.

"And to think," mused Jill, "that it took millions of years to carve out this wonderful gorge."

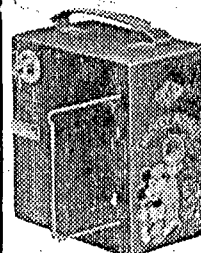
"Really?" queried Jack. "I'd no idea that it was a Government job."



We don't know — BUT

WE DO KNOW THAT SHARP'S the WORD and SHARP'S the TOFFEE We like best of all

PHOTOGRAPHY'S SUCH FUN!



MICKEY MOUSE CAMERA. The first step in photography, simple daylight loading, time and instantaneous shutter. Fine quality lens, sharp pictures. Wire eye-level viewfinder. Price 6/6 Post free.

6 exposure film 6d. Canvas case 1/-.

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MARIE ELISABETHS ARE REAL SARDINES

in delicious oil and greatly liked by YOUNG PEOPLE, are good for them, and are not costly. GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

I always use KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE Of all Chemists and Stores TRIAL SIZE 6d - OF COURSE!

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MR JACKSON, the circus manager, looked at his son Joe and shook his head sadly.

Jerry, the little fox terrier, sitting before them, shivered as the cold wind, blowing sullenly over the lonely heath, ruffled his wiry coat. Jerry was a circus dog. He had been brought up in the canvas and sawdust atmosphere. He used to be able to walk along a tight rope stretched a foot above the floor, and to jump through hoops.

But he was growing old now and his bones were too stiff to perform. The circus was doing badly too, with ever-diminishing attendances, and Jerry's food and keep cost a good deal. Mr Jackson

had inquired for someone to look after him, but no one wanted an old dog. So Jerry was still left on his hands.

Many years they had been together now, and as he could keep Jerry no longer, and would never turn him adrift to fend for himself in his old age, Mr Jackson had sorrowfully decided to put his old friend out of life as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

His hand trembled as he pulled out his gun. Jerry quivered at the sight of it. He knew what it was: he had seen it spit fire when the lions and tigers at the circus had got out of hand.

He watched his master cock the gun. A puzzled look stole into his canine face.

What did this mean? Jerry cocked his head on one side, raised his right ear, and wagged it.

Mr Jackson, his finger curved round the trigger, paused. He could not shoot his dog; how could he when he looked like that, so trustful and appealing?

He turned his back on Jerry and held out the gun.

"Here, Joe," he said huskily, "Carry on."

Now Jerry really was surprised. He scented danger from a source where none had ever been before. He felt he must do something to arouse their sympathy.

He rose, very stiffly, on his hind legs. He'd show them something yet! He walked

JERRY DOES THE TRICK

forward jerkily, his brown eyes full of trust and affection, his front paws drooping limply against his chest.

Joe's arm dropped to his side. He turned to his father and shook his head.

Father and son looked at each other, then at Jerry, who was beginning to wobble on his hind legs.

"Joe," said Mr Jackson, "we can't do it."

"We can't do it, Dad," returned the boy, putting the gun in his pocket.

And as they turned and walked back to the circus Jerry followed, on all fours now, but friskier than usual, knowing quite well that the danger was over, and that he himself had saved the day.